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PETER OLSON WILL BE TRIED FOR MURDER.

Grand Jury Finds a True Bill Against Him Tuesday.

CASE TO BE HEARD IN JUNE

According to Present Outlook—Olson in County Jail Refuses to Talk —The Prisoner Visited.

Tuesday at criminal court the grand jury returned a true bill against Peter Olson, for the terrible murder of Ethel, his 9-year-old daughter, at Wetmore, Monday, Feb. 17. The case will not come before the attention of the court now in session, but will probably be heard at the next regular term in June.

Locked in a cell in the county jail Peter Olson sits day after day in silence. Every effort to engage him in conversation of any kind is foiled by his impassive demeanor. He will not talk to his acquaintances, even Mr. Keelor, the man for whose family he had worked for over 25 years, finding it impossible to chat with him. Olson would not even walk to the bars of his cell to meet this man whom he knows so well.

Yesterday a MINER reporter called at the jail and was shown to Olson's cell by a son of Turnkey McCarty. The young man remarked that Olson had eaten nothing since Tuesday morning, and if fact had partaken of very little food since he was placed in the county jail. He said that Mr. Keelor had told his father to get anything the prisoner expressed a desire to eat and that he would pay for it, but it was of no use, Olson refused any dainty that might be prepared for him.

Olson was laying on his bunk in a large double cell. He sat up and answered the reporter's greeting, but further than that did not utter a word, occasionally shaking his head, as though in gloomy meditation. If his face is a criterion of his feelings the man is suffering acute mental anguish, whether on account of the realization of the shocking crime he has committed or because of unpleasant fancies of a disordered brain it is impossible to say.

He is apparently about 45 years of age, medium height, and weighing perhaps 160 pounds. His complexion is light and his eyes blue, with lines drawn around them as though from pain. He was dressed in a blue shirt, dark trousers and heavy shoes, and Mr. McCarty remarked that he occasionally asked for his best clothes, which would be brought to him, although he would not put them on.

Olson inquires once every day if he is not going to be allowed to go home and upon being answered as kindly as possible again relapses into silence. One of the prisoners said that he absolutely refuses to converse with the other inmates.

The cell in which he is confined is completely covered, walls and ceiling, with pictures cut from newspapers and magazines, the decoration being the work of a former inmate. It contains two bunks, a table and a chair. On the table was Olson's breakfast and Tuesday and Wednesday's allowance of bread. The food had scarcely been touched.

Libel Case Threatened.

According to the Port Allegany Argus, Dr. J. B. Colcord of that town will sue Editor Stokes of the Coudersport Enterprise for libel on account of a long article which appeared in that paper censuring the doctors for not giving Florence Carpenter surgical attention for eight hours after her injuries at the hands of the late Wm. Whelon. The Argus' account of the affair is that the injured girl was promptly looked after by Doctors Colcord and Otto, who found her condition such on account of the physical and mental shock that they deemed it advisable to wait until she had recovered somewhat before attempting to dress her wounds. Absorbent netting was placed over the wounds and at 8 o'clock the doctors left her until the morning. As blood was still slowly oozing from the wounds the statement has been made that the blood had not been washed off her, which is not so.

The doctors returned the next morning with Dr. McGranor, who had been summoned by a neighbor, arrived ready to help. As doctors Otto and Colcord are not on good terms with Dr. McGranor and do not work with him, they refused to do so in this instance. Mrs. Carpenter would not dismiss Dr. McGranor so they left him to finish dressing the wounds and departed. The doctors never for a moment thought the girl dead, as the Enterprise stated, but on the other hand she was conscious and able to talk to them.

Photographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE LYCEUM SOLD.

Bought Monday by Hon. James McKean at Sheriff Sale—New Arrangements Made.

The Smethport Lyceum was sold at Sheriff's sale Monday last and was purchased by Hon James A. McKean. A number of citizens have leased the premises from Mr. McKean and the theatre will continue in commission as usual.

It is understood that under the new arrangement the organization having the matter in hand will pay off the indebtedness now standing against the old company, and also have the privilege of buying the building within a certain length of time if it is considered advisable.

Dr. John Clark will continue as manager of the house, and it is the intention to furnish the best attractions to the patrons that it is within the power of the lessees to secure. All the new organization asks is the patronage which the attractions deserve.

The stockholders of the old company, a number of whom are interested in the new arrangement, take their losses philosophically as a rule. They built the Lyceum to give Smethport people what was supposed to be a long felt want. It was frenzied literally for a time, but the novelty wore off, and the company found they could not meet their obligations. They made a long struggle but were finally compelled to let the property go at sheriff's sale.

The theatre is a well constructed and roomy one capable of fulfilling all requirements in Smethport, and it seems to be up to the general public to patronize the theatre if they wish to maintain a place of this character in town. The chances are that if the present management fails to make a success of it, the building will either be torn down or used for some other purpose.

REPLY TO REQUESTS.

Several of our subscribers who are in arrearages have written, asking for extension of time in which to make payment on the amount due.

In reply we will state that the Postoffice Department's new regulations require that all such accounts must be settled on or before the First day of April, 1908.

We are perfectly willing to wait as long as possible, but it will be readily understood that the limit is April 1st. Therefore govern yourselves accordingly.

The Punch is the Thing.

An American and an Italian, both employed in a Smethport factory, quarreled one day this week and engaged in combat. They fought after the manner of their kind, the American depending upon his fists, while the Italian true to his characteristics, drew a knife. Before he could bring the weapon into dangerous action the American landed heavily on the knife-weilder's jaw and put him into that mysterious state known as "the clear."

Thus were United States fighting methods again vindicated and the man behind the blow figures that in this case a punch in time saved nine—stitches which a surgeon might have placed in the his anatomy.

Another New Industry Perhaps.

One night recently a number of interested people met and discussed the advisability of manufacturing the electrical toys invented by E. B. Cuttel, a description of which appeared in the MINER a few weeks ago.

It is understood that several citizens were willing to enter into an agreement to start the making of the toys and Mr. Cuttel is endeavoring to interest others. It is said that the factory will be located on the first floor of Kerns' hall if present plans are carried out.

The toys are clever and instructive novelties and look as though they would strike the public fancy.

Beautiful location, healthful surroundings, attractive home life, free tuition, fine equipment, an exceptionally strong faculty, an excellent music department are some of the factors that have caused the Clarion State Normal School to practically double its attendance within the last few years. Additional dormitory accommodations are being provided and these rooms will be ready for occupancy March 24, the opening day of the Spring Term. Write for catalog. We invite correspondence. J. George Becht, Principal.

For Sale.

Rhode Island Red Eggs for Hatching, $1 per sitting. Also two fine Rhode Island roosters, one pair White Klondike, one Fine White Leghorn rooster, all cheap if sold at once. H. E. Spring, house next to Green's grist mill.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

REGULAR TERM CRIMINAL COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Four Italians Found Guilty of Felonious Attacks.

MEM FROM BRADFORD AND KANE.

Corydon Township Election Board Now on Trial for Conspiracy—Grand Jury Findings.

The regular term of criminal court convened Monday with Judge Joseph W. Bouton on the bench. The various constables made their returns and the grand jury was instructed as to their duties. M. N. Allen of Port Allegany was appointed foreman of the grand jury and other routine business was disposed of.

Appropriate memorial exercises were held in honor of the memory of the late Hon. Thomas F. Richmond and tributes glowing and tender were uttered. Fitting eulogies were delivered by R. B. Stone, F. F. Schoonmaker and E. J. Jones of Bradford; H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett; E. L. Keenan, F. D. Gallup, Sheridan Gorton, Guy B. Mayo and Hon. J. W. Bouton of Smethport and others.

Commonwealth vs George R. Spencer, adultery; defendant brought into court and pleaded guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs and serve 30 days in the county jail.

Commonwealth vs C. E. Fitzpatrick, brought into court and pleaded guilty to the charge of assault and battery; sentenced to pay a fine of $15 and costs.

Yesterday the jury in the case of Jay Moore, charged with stealing a cross-cut saw, returned a verdict of not guilty and the prosecutor, W. O. Fryer, was ordered to pay the costs.

The case of Frank and Septimus Santano kept the jury out all night Tuesday and Wednesday until 8 p. m., when a verdict was finally decided upon finding the Santanos guilty of an attack on an Italian woman who lives at Kane. The woman was severely cut by the defendants, it appears, in a struggle in which the Santanos joined forces against her.

John Maske and Spring Christmas, two Italians of Bradford, were to-day convicted of assault with intent to rob a fellow-countryman who charged the pair with Black Hand methods in their efforts to secure his money.

In the cases charging irregularities in the holding of a recent primary election in Corydon township, the defense succeeded in having seven of the eight counts quashed. The case was on trial this forenoon.

The grand jury finished its labors yesterday and was discharged.

Grand jury findings:

Commonwealth vs Frank Santano and Septimo Santano, aggravated assault with intent to kill; a true bill.

Commonwealth vs Jay Moore, larceny; a true bill.

Commonwealth vs Floyd Sabine, cruelty to animals; a true bill.

Commonwealth vs Fred Canfield, cruelty to animals; a true bill.

Commonwealth vs Francis Rogers, Minor Waterman, J. W. Tome and Eugene Payne, irregularities at primary election in Corydon township; a true bill.

Commonwealth vs George R. Spencer, adultery; a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. John Olson, murder; a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Frank Clark, larceny as bailee, not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Marion Spencer; larceny; not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. P. B. Killbuck, assault and battery; not a true bill, county pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. Fred W. Winger, malfeasence in office; not a true bill, and William Hopley, prosecutor, to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. John Fast, selling liquor without a licence; a true bill.

Bill Bailey's Jubilee.

A company of colored performers gave an entertainment at the Lyceum, Tuesday evening, which was much appreciated by a fair-sized audience. The production is a mixture of singing, dancing and monologue which is given the name of "Bill Bailey's Jubilee."

The company is composed of excellent singers and dancers and there is not a dull minute in the show. The side-splitting antics of that peculiar sort of which only the Afro-American is capable kept the audience good natured throughout the long production.

Several recent attractions at the Lyceum have not received the patronage which they deserved and in view of the fact that prices are low, patrons who did not attend them can figure themselves losers.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is best for cuts, burns, boils, bruises and scratches. It is especially good for piles. Sold by I. K. Hogarth.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE

Held in McKean County, on February 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1908.

The first session convened in the M. E. church at Ceres, Tuesday, at 11 a. m. The choir sang a selection and Rev. L. P. Adams offered prayer.

Dr. H. A. Place in a few well chosen words welcomed the institute to their pleasant little town.

T. J. Phillips of Atglen, Chester county, responded by saying that after the hills and drifts of Potter county, it was truly refreshing to be in a land of trolleys and sunshine once more. He said the general impression people had of institute speakers was that they were simply book farmers, but that was a mistaken idea, they were in fact hard working practical farmers.

A. J. Kahler of Hughesville, Lycoming county, spoke on soil fertility, how to get it and how to maintain it. It was he said, a wise Providence that had locked up the fertility in the soil or it would have been squandered and future generations starved to death. Clover contains all the elements of fertility. In his county great quantities of corn are raised and to maintain fertility at the last cultivation of the corn they sow clover as a catch crop and plow it under.

He said there was much complaint among farmers that they could not grow clover. The fact is the ground has been worked until the potash and humus was all exhausted, and advised using potash or lime on the ground and not to sell off all the products but that it should be consumed by horses and cattle and returned to the ground to keep up fertility.

At the afternoon session, R. J. Weld of Sugar Grove took up the subject, Rotation of Crops. Nature provides food for animals, and he believes the rule should be from soil to animal and from animals to soil. And does not believe farming can be made a success by selling off the crops; only such as would not enrich the soil. By feeding to stock, and so getting back into the soil nothing would be wasted. In crop rotation a fixed order of succession should be maintained and be careful not to farm more acres than can be well taken care of. Crops feed differently and one should have a thorough knowledge of the ground to know just what crop is to succeed another.

Weeds damage our lands more than drouth, and great care is necessary to keep all weed seeds eliminated. One should turn into the land everything that will make it more fertile, and do it systematically. The more humus in the soil the more water it will retain. By rotation insects and fungi are destroyed by breaking up their feeding ground. Each person can do some one thing better than another and the right thing to do is to find the one thing we can do best and stick to it.

He divides his ground into four plots, plants corn first then wheat and seeds down with twelve quarts of seed to the acre, one-half clover or alsac, mow for two years, then commence with corn again. After the crop is off they go over the land with the mowing machine and cut the weeds before they go to seed and the weeds cut will form a mulch and thus provide shade for the young clover and grass and by clipping make them more stocky and stronger rooted.

One cannot be too careful in saving all fertilizers from the stable, have cement floors if possible, using absorbents in the gutters, the liquids containing 60 per cent. more fertility than the solids, and apply to the land as soon as possible after made. He believes horse manure is the best absorbent for the gutters. By mixing the horse and cow manure both are greatly increased in value, the horse manure is made cooler and the cow manure hotter.

Dr. I. A. Thayer of New Castle spoke on Preparation of the Seed Bed. Why prepare it? First, to get rid of the weeds. Second, to make the soil so fine that the tiny feeding roots can work through and absorbe more of the moisture so necessary to the growth of the plant—the finer the dirt the more cells to draw the moisture from the sub-soil. Cultivate deep at first but shallow after, so not to cut off the little feeders that lie near the surface. The ground must be properly plowed to begin with. Turn furrow deep enough so it will not turn back but will stand up. By proper plowing he raised 90 bushels of marketable potatoes from one-half acre, while from two acres lying right beside this not plowed properly, he only got 80 bushels and only one-half of them marketable.

Fall is the best time to plow the land. The crops are out of the way and there is more time. The horses as well as the man are more hardened by the summer's work than they are in the spring and are in a better condition to do the work. Plow deep and the frost and cold will mellow the soil. Deep fall plowing will absorb and retain more moisture than shallow spring plowing.

The seed bed should be rolled until you can't feel the ground give when walking over it. The roots require a compact soil and the land will retain the moisture and the seed will sooner germinate.

Tuesday evening the choir sang a greeting song and we were favored with a violin solo.

The first subject, corn culture and corn breeding, was ably handled by A. J. Kahler. To prepare the corn ground the second crop of clover should be plowed under and then put on manure until time to work in the spring. Plow as soon as the ground will allow to the depth of five inches. Thinks too much harrowing cannot be done. Would not recommend too early planting but leave until the ground is thoroughly warmed and the seed will quickly germinate and grow rapidly. Commence harrowing at once and continue until the corn gets several inches high; run right over the corn, but few roots if any will be torn out. Great care should be exercised in the selection of seed corn. Go through the field early and select the earliest ears, those near the bottom of the thriftiest stalks. Mark them and save them for seed if the ears are fully matured and full to the end of the ear. Don't let the corn freeze, but dry thoroughly and keep carefully.

T. J. Phillips then took up the subject "The Silo as I have found it." He believes it makes no difference as to size or shape of the silo, but thinks wood is the ideal material to build of as it is necessary to have the silo air tight, and the wood with the damp ensilage inside will swell and shut out the air and keep the ensilage in good condition, not sweet, but acid as it should be. The corn should be pretty ripe and dry so as not to mold and become worthless and be cut to one-fourth inch in length the cattle will eat it up cleaner and easier. In no other way can corn be made so digestible as in ensilage, and it is the best food for winter dairying, and the cheapest and should be fed with hay in the proportion of six pounds of wet and four of dry digestable matter. Some condensories and creameries refuse to accept milk from cows fed on ensilage on account of the acidity when as a matter of fact all food whether June grass, corn or clover turns to acid in the cow's stomach before digestion takes place. All milk should be aerated or dipped to remove all odors.

Wednesday morning the first subject introduced was "Improving the Dairy Herd" by R. J. Weld.

The first thing necessary is care in the selection of the cow. Find out what each cow does by weighing the milk for one year, discard those that do not come up to the standard. Fit her for market and do not sell her for a milch cow for some one else to lose money on. Second: Secure a thoroughbred sire for the head of the herd the very best you can get. This may seem like great expense but in the end it is economy. Do not use the same sire year after year, but exchange every two years. Too much inbreeding is not to be desired. There are four recognized breeds that are considered the very best; Ayershires, Holsteins, Jerseys and Guernseys. It is believed to be a fact that inbreeding with a thoroughbred sire in the first generation the stock would be improved 75 per cent. and in the fourth 100 per cent. such stock could not be registered as thoroughbred but for all practical purposes would be as good. After breeding up there are still some rigid rules to be used to further increase the value of the herd. Even then some won't stand the test and must be weeded out. Save no calf with less than four teats at birth. A calf with less has not enough vitality to be worth anything. By all means keep a daily record of not only what each does, but of every animal that comes into the herd. The subject of breeding is not all the higher the breed the more care and proper feeding they require. Always remember there is room for improvement not only in the herd but in the care taken. Feed and care for the farm animals as nature demands they should be cared for if you wish to get results.

After a general discussion T. J. Phillips took up the subject, "We say we are Economical, but are we? This lecture was illustrated on the blackboard with the relative values, cheapness and digestibility of feed for cattle. Believe ensilage is the cheapest rough feed for cattle timothy hay at present prices being three times as expensive.

"My experience with lime and commercial fertilizers," by A. Kahler was the first subject for Wednesday afternoon. When a person is sick we endeavor to find out the disease the patient is suffering from and the cause and then we can apply the right remedy. So with our land. First study the condition of the soil. Find just the fertilizer it needs by plowing the land in strips and to one apply potash to another lime and so on. Then mark the result so as to find out just what the land needs. Be very careful in purchasing fertilizers a large per cent. is greatly adulterated.

A quartette sang a selection and Dr. Thayer spoke on "The Cultivation of Strawberries," and what the Doctor don't know about this subject is not worth telling. He says he can clear from two to three hundred dollars per acre from strawberries. Great care must be exercised in preparing the soil and in the selection of plants and setting them out. Cut the roots to about three and one half inches in length and press the earth very solid around them. Plant in rows four feet wide and eighteen inches apart. Keep well cultivated and when cold weather comes cover lightly with straw, if covered too heavy the mice will eat the plants. Let the straw remain on the plants to retain the moisture. Keep down weeds; and let the berries rest on the straw and thus keep them clean. In the spring after the weather moderates open the straw just enough to let the crown of the plant come up through. After the crop is harvested mow the plants and weeds and when dry burn over the bed and kill the insects and weeds and the young shoots will begin to grow at once and get a vigorous growth before cold weather. When putting out a new bed set from the middle of April to the first of May, not later.

Mr. Phillips gave a talk on Poultry Raising. The White Leghorn is considered the best egg producer and is not broody. The great trouble with many is trying to keep more fowls than they can care for. Twenty-five if well cared for is better than a hundred not properly housed and fed. Thinks it not advisable to use artificial heat. If the hen house if low, free from dampness and drafts with the proper food there will be no trouble about getting eggs. Cleanliness is a requisite for successful poultry raising. A variety of grain and some green food is necessary. Every poultry house should be supplied with a box of three compartments containing oyster shells, grit, stones, bits of broken dishes pulverized and some lime to make shells. Warm water in winter and put rusty nails in it to correct bowel trouble. A dust bath is especially necessary to keep the hens in a healthy condition.

R. J. Weld spoke for a few moments on the production and care of milk.

The key note of dairying is cleanliness. Stables should be white-washed annually, keep the cobwebs and dirt swept down and clean the floors. A broom is more necessary in the stable than the kitchen. Keep the cows clean by having the stables properly constructed. Brush the cows carefully before milking, and wear a milking apron and use every precaution to keep the milk pure.

In the evening Mr. Kahler talked on Concentration of Schools in the Rural Districts.

He said the best crop on the farm is the boys and girls, and believes no one has any right to send their children out into the world without being thoroughly equipped to battle with life, and the graded school is the place to prepare them. He believes it is possible to concentrate the rural schools and carry the children to it and back home at night, instead of sending them to the city to come in contact with those things they had in their home life been taught to shun.

The Home and its Maker was the next subject by Mr. Phillips.

He believes the wife on the farm has the hardest end of the row, and that the home should be made better and more convenient for her comfort. He described the ideal farm home adorned with pictures, books, music and all those things so dear to the heart of every woman and child, and thus keep the children contented with their home. He believes if this were done there would not be so many boys and girls leaving their homes for the city and making shipwrecks of their lives.

Mrs. Howden gave a recitation entitled, "Jim Masters' Ribbon." Mr. Roberts sang, and there, after a few words of thanks by County Chairman L. W. Howden, one of the most successful and profitable institutes held in this section came to an end.

On Thursday morning we started for Eldred arriving there at about 10 a. m. The weather being bad and the roads badly drifted only those in the immediate vicinity were able to attend.

The opening exercises were dispensed with and Dr. Thayer took up the subject of Plant Life. He advised sending all seed to be tested for purity and fertility, and not run the risk of seeding the land with weed seed. He emphasized the necessity of the ground being made fine and firmly packed about the tiny seed or they dry out and will not germinate. Potatoes can be raised on the same ground year after year and not consume the fertility as other crops would. One ton of clover plowed under puts as much nitrogen into the soil as sixteen or seventeen loads of manure.

(Continued on eighth page 3rd column)

For Sale or Rent.

The farm of C. C. Wright on Cole Creek at Wright's Corners is for sale or rent with stock or without stock. For particulars call on or address C. C. Wright, Farmers Valley, Pa., R. F. D. 1

All pattern hats and trimmed and embroidered hats at cost and in some cases below cost from now until further notice at Mrs. Chris Reilly Clark's millinery store. 5tf

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

The Captain's Pew.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1907, by Frank H. Sweet.

"DELILY! You Delily!" called Captain Drew sharply from the door of the cottage which fronted the marshes at the mouth of Squanton river.

At the sound of his voice a girl of fifteen, who had been half hidden by the marsh grass while slowly making her way in a boat through the narrow, winding salt stream, stood upright and looked calmly toward the shore. The light of the sunset was on her face, softening its habitually grave and determined expression.

"Come 'ere, I said," repeated the man, coming down the path to the dilapidated float. The girl, still standing, leaned on her oar and pushed the boat to its moorings.

"What's wrong, dad?" she said lightly as she made the rope fast. Her face showed apprehension of some outbreak.

"I've been robbed, that's what. Look!" he exclaimed, pointing with a long, work stained finger in the direction of the house. "Look a-thar!"

With some dismay Delilah saw the high backed, old fashioned pew which they had occupied so long in Squanton church leaning against the porch.

"They've ripped 'em all out," continued her father in a snarling tone. "Hit's ging's boys been wheelin' all of 'em home this afternoon. They 'air goin' to hev op'ry chairs now. Pews isn't stylish an' societyfied enough for 'em. They got to hev op'ry chairs."

"Oh, no, dad. They have decided to put in good, comfortable hardwood pews, and they will give you one."

"I don't want it! I won't hev it!" he cried excitedly. "They didn't hev the right to rip up my pew unless I said they could."

"But they voted, dad, and Mr. Doane says church property ain't like other property."

"Well, he'll find mine is," said the captain sourly. "If I'd 'a' knowed they was goin' to rip up my pew, I'd 'a' stud over it with a pistol!"

Delilah was silent. She could remember in substance, but could not repeat, all the minister had said in his comprehensive, businesslike directions about the renovation of Squanton church. Forgoing, but never visionary, he had held before their eyes a pleasing picture of their future prosperity, when attractive surroundings would be no small help in drawing to themselves people from the outlying towns. One half the expense of repairs he bore himself.

"We, air turned outen our rightful settin'," reiterated the old man. "My father's father set in that pew."

"Why, dad," argued his daughter gently, "you wouldn't wear the same clothes your father did. Why should you mind having a new pew?"

"I ain't goin' to hev no new pew, I tell ye, nor you anither. You, ain't never goin' to set your foot in that church ag'in!"

"Oh, dad, I must! I can't mind you this time!"

"If ever you go in thar ag'in, Delily, you needn't come back here!"

Delilah sat for some time as he had left her. She was to be deprived, then, of the chief pleasure in her lonely life. It meant, too, separations from those who had been so kind and to whom she clung with girlish adoration. It seemed to her to be the climax of all the troubled, unsatisfied, experiences of her life. She thought of her mother, whose gentle face she could scarcely remember. Did she have to bear such things? In thinking of her she grew less rebellious. She would be gentle and patient, too—to do right, for what was life given?

The winged needles of the pine trees over her head sifted down about her on the night breeze, and when the mists had enveloped the sand dunes and the tide had covered the marshes in a shimmering surface she still sat as her father had left her.

When a few days later the Rev. Howard Doane selected from his abundant library a few interesting books as an excuse for his intended call at the cottage of Captain Drew, he was perhaps as near a deception as so conscientious a man could be. His real purpose was to determine in what way he could best mitigate the bitterness toward himself which he knew the old man felt.

Delilah met him at the door with eyes that he thought more wistful and features sharper than he remembered.

"I can't take them, thank you," she said firmly, refusing the proffered books. "Father would not like it," she added, with a blush.

"She don't want the books," said the gruff voice of the captain behind her.

"THERE'S A WRECK OFF COLFIN'S BEACH, DAD!"

"She won't be comin' over to the church any more, neither."

"I hope you will reconsider," began Mr. Doane.

"Well, I shan't. It don't take me long to make up my mind, and when I do it's fur good. Justice is justice."

Delilah had slipped away down the path and leaned listlessly over the gate. She could not bear to hear her father's words. After what seemed a lifetime she saw Mr. Doane courteously withdrawing in a manner which politely suggested he was tearing himself away rather than fleeing from the captain's invective and terrible accuracy of statement. At the gate he gave his hand kindly to Delilah.

"We shall be sorry to lose you from Sunday school for a time," he said, but he added, with a hopeful smile: "No doubt your father will think better of this by and by. If you are in need of help come to me."

The next few weeks were trying ones for the girl. Whenever she came upon a group of people talking earnestly the conversation, which was invariably upon church matters, was immediately hushed. She felt keenly the looks which the young people cast up on her. When a kind neighbor asked "How's your father feeling today?" she felt conscious and uncomfortable.

In each yard through the village she found an unwelcome reminder, for the people had utilized the old pews for garden seats. The postmaster had placed his against the wall in the office, where it was specially occupied by unemployed idle Squanton. The children appropriated the silver numbers and wore them jauntily in their hat bands or on their coat lapels for badges.

The summer was nearly passed before the church was opened for worship. It was a sad day for Delilah. When the bell rang, she took her little Bible and walked across the fields to the pine woods. Companionship with nature seemed to strengthen and exalt her. Then she felt submissive and forgiving for the first time.

"SHE DON'T WANT THE BOOKS," SAID THE CAPTAIN.

On a stormy day in November a hurricane raged along the north shore, and the little sea girt town of Squanton was laboring with it. In the village store the idlers—refugees from the hurricane—crowded about the stove and agreed that the storm was a "peeler."

"It's the kind that soaks in!" exclaimed Captain Drew, rising to look at the blurred pane. "Wouldn't keep to Lo ol' Thatcher's jest now."

Settling back, he stretched his long limbs toward the stove again with an added sense of comfort.

The sound of laughter and greeting was hushed suddenly, and there was a perceptible backward movement near the door to admit a dripping figure. It was Delilah, with a white, scared face and long hair blown in a tangle about her head.

"There's a wreck off Colfin's beach, dad!" she gasped. "They say it's the Magnolia."

Captain Drew came to his feet in stantly, with every man present.

"How'd you know 'bout it, Delily?" he asked as he buttoned his greatcoat.

"I was on the point looking at the waves."

"You've no business to go prowlin round in such a storm," he said, not unkindly.

She drew him one side. "The minister is on board, dad. He was coming down from Boston," she said.

"Well, we won't see him drown right under our noses. I guess, without tryin' to save 'im. You leave it to your father."

In the teeth of the gale they forced their way to the shore. Above the terrible roar of wind and sea they shouted to Captain Drew that the lifeboat had been manned and repeated unsuccessful attempts made to cross the channel. They told him that the efforts to shoot the line across the vessel and thus bring it into communication with the shore had been fruitless. On every face there was unspeakable dread that the helpless men would go down before their very eyes.

The wreck, though it lay in that part of the channel where the current was not at its strongest, was pounding upon a reef of rocks that jutted out from the head. A sand bar, over which the waves were rolling like snow crested hills, lay between. To reach the Magnolia from the other side of the bay meant a journey of ten miles by land.

The vessel was pitching about like a desperate thing, showing first her keel, then the full sweep of the deck, with the crew clinging as they could. The mast was broken off six or eight feet above the neck and lay over the side, with a tangle of broken cordage and flapping sail.

Before the people crowding the headland could understand what was taking place Captain Drew had mustered a volunteer crew and in the lighthouse boat was making his way along the shore to cross below the bar. Through it all Delilah crouched beside a huge bowlder, with her deep, concentrated gaze fixed upon her father's figure.

The distance that Captain Drew and his volunteers had to row was not great, but against the power of sea and wind they made little progress toward the wreck. Once a great sea broke over the boat, and a cry went up from the shore, but out of the trough the men rose again, and had gained a length toward the other side.

It was the work of hours to make the lines fast and transfer the half frozen men to the shore. The rain was falling less heavily, and the agitated watchers could see the saved and savers climb one by one over the steep bank. Mr. Doane's strong, light figure, that they all knew so well, was the last to reach the shore, and hardly had he done so when the vessel parted amidships.

It was he who first discovered, in the terrible confusion of storm and wreckage, that Captain Drew, who had been standing far out in the surf, with a rope slung about his waist, had been struck by a floating spar and borne down by the current. The end of his rope, which had been coiled ashore, was already vanishing on a retreating wave.

Without a word the minister plunged into the surf after the rope. Though

THE MINISTER PLUNGED INTO THE SURF.

an expert swimmer, he was twice beaten back. In vain the men shouted to him that it was useless, worse than impossible. He was deaf to their appeal, and just as the rope appeared on the crest of a huge swell he made a leap forward and seized it. The next instant he was lifted on a tremendous breaker and thrown far up the beach.

He had made a sharp turn of the rope above his waist, and, though shaken and bruised, he recovered himself quickly and helped the men draw the captain ashore. They felt his heart. They watched his lips. They believed he was dead. But the old mariner of Squanton had a strong hold on life.

It was some weeks before Captain Drew could be removed to his own home from the farmhouse to which he had been carried and months before he rose from his bed. Meantime Mr. Doane had supplied the best medical aid. During his frequent visits to the captain their disagreement was never touched upon.

One Sunday morning in spring when the syringa bush near the door was all ablaom and the willows had put forth a tender green the captain, leaning heavily upon Delilah, hobbled into the sunlight and sat down upon the old pew.

"It does make a tol'ble comf'table settee, don't it, child?" he said amiably.

Delilah did not reply, but she looked at him wistfully.

"Yes; my father's father used to set in it," he continued.

Just then the clear bell from the church at the head of the cove rang invitingly. The captain listened thoughtfully, digging his cane in the soft earth at his feet.

"Delily, girl," he said at length, "I guess, bein's the parson didn't hold out agin me when I was hangin' to thet rope out thar in the stream, I dunno as I oughter hang out agin him any longer."

"Oh, dad!" exclaimed Delilah gleefully.

"Ye-es. 'Oh, dad,' has been kinder crazy fer a spell back, but he's come to his rightful senses now good an' strong. I guess, Delily, now if you'll put your mother's Bible 'longside of me I'll set here an hour or two, an' you, Delily, git your bunnit on an' go over an' set in t'other pew."

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Thomas F. Richmond, late of Smethport Borough, McKean Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SHERIDAN GONION, Attorney,
or M. SARAH RICHMOND, Executor.
Smethport, Pa., January 29th, 1908.

MABEL AT THE TELEPHONE.

When Mabel's at the telephone
She's generally loaded.
The others on the line must groan
When Mabel's at the telephone—
To desperation goaded.
But Mabel never seems to flinch;
She knows that she has got a cinch.

When Mabel's at the telephone,
You'd think she had imparted
All that the girl had ever known,
When Mabel's at the telephone.
But, really, she's just started.
There's nothing any one can do
But wait with patience till she's through.

When Mabel's at the telephone
She heeds no call to "trim it"
Or "cut it out." That's said, I own,
When Mabel's at the telephone.
Her chatter has no limit.
Some-day subscribers will combine
To oust her from that party line.

When Mabel's at the telephone
She shows great indignation;
Her plaints would move a heart of stone
When Mabel's at the telephone
And hears a conversation.
She'll ask them if they mean to stay
And gabble nonsense there all day.
—Chicago News.

Very Urgent Business.

Wife—Oh, William, why are you so late? I have been so frightened.

William (who has been to his club)—Portant bisniss, m'dear.

Wife—Wouldn't it keep till tomorrow?

William—No, love, not after corksh drawn.

Rapid Rise.

"Pa," said Mrs. Hardapple as she opened the letter, "the man who ran over our old crippled cow with his automobile wants to know how much she was worth."

"Tell him about $6," drawled Hiram Hardapple. "Let me see, it was that poor village doctor, wasn't it?"

"No, Hiram; it was a city feller."

"Was, eh? Wa-a-l, heck, tell him she was a first class cow and worth every cent of $50."

"And, come to think of it, Hiram, his automobile was almost as long as a steamboat, with glass windows, six lights and a horn that you could hear five miles."

"What? Then write and tell him the cow he killed was a genuine imported prize winning Holstein and worth $500, and if he doesn't settle up every cent in cash I'll put the law on him."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Helpful Child.

Little Frank, watching nurse empty a hot water bag, asked why she blew air into it.

"It keeps the sides apart, so water will run into it easily."

Later in the day Frankie was discovered holding between his knees a lean stray kitten while, with cheeks distended, he blew down its throat through a tin pea shooter.

"What are you doing?" nurse cried, rescuing the tortured cat.

"Keepin' her sides apart so's she can d'ink milk," responded the young philosopher.—Judge.

In After Years.

"You used to call me an angel during our courtship," said Mrs. Naggs, "but you never do it any more."

"And you deserve the name more than ever now," replied the freight payer of the combine, "for you are everlastingly harping about something."

The Fitting Vehicle.

"I met my tailor out sleighing, and he looked sporty, I tell you, in his new sleigh."

"Well, of all vehicles where could a tailor find a fitter one than a good cutter?"—Baltimore American.

A Different Thing.

"Then, Mr. Boxley didn't really give according to his means?" said the minister's wife.

"No," replied the minister, "merely according to his meanness."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mitigation.

After a chase of many thousand miles the embezzler had been caught.

"At least I can say," he remarked cheerfully, "that I gave the people a run for their money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Didn't Work.

"Doc," said the man who was trying to get a free prescription, "what's the best thing to take for a cold?"

"Competent medical advice, my friend."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Modern Polonius.

"My boy, if you want to stay in the public eye"—

"Yes, dad."

"Don't be a human cluder."—Houston Post.

A Confidence.

"Does your wife allow you to smoke in the house?"

"Yes, but she wouldn't if I smoked the cigars she gives me."—Washington Star.

When the baby is cross and has you worried and worn out you will find that a little Cascasweet, the well known remedy for babies and children, will quiet the little one in a short time. The ingredients are printed plainly on the bottle. Contains no opiates. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Humor

HIS ULTIMATUM.

A Risky Thing to Do, but the Man Was Desperate.

After Crumpet had seen his wife off on the train he returned to his quiet house, closed the door and gazed around at the rows of inviting books, at the table of smoking materials, at the grate fire ready to light, and his eyes glistened with joy.

"Old man," he exclaimed to himself, "what a time you'll have! Wife away at last, and now there will be time to do all those little things you've wanted to do for so long—to read, to loaf, to think and invite one's soul."

At this moment the telephone rang. It was Crumpet's neighbor, Alstar.

"Hello! Crumpet, this you? Say, I've just learned your wife has gone away. Why didn't you let us know? Of course you mustn't stay alone. Come right over and take dinner with us."

Crumpet's heart sank, but he was equal to the emergency.

"Can't come tonight, old chap, thank you. I've got an engagement."

"Well, tomorrow night."

"Sorry, but"—

"The next night."

"Very well—I guess so. I'll let you know."

"We shall surely expect you."

"Thanks."

Crumpet, heaving a sigh of relief that at least he had that evening to himself, once more sank back in his chair.

But not for long. Telephone once more. This time it was Carter.

"This you, Crumpet? Why didn't you tell me your wife was away? Well, never mind. You mustn't be alone. Shall expect you to take dinner with us every night. Come right over—What! Not tonight?—Tomorrow? No? Well, make it Thursday. All right. Good! Know how it is myself."

Crumpet waited to hear no more. He picked up his hat and coat, dashed out of the door and made his way to the nearest stenographer's.

"Here!" he said. "I'll give you a list of addresses. Take this letter and send it to every one at once. I may lose every friend I have in the world," he muttered, "but I can't help it."

The letter he dictated was as follows:

"To Friends and Neighbors—For the first time in years my good wife has gone away on a visit and left me alone. Contrary to all expectations, I am enjoying myself. I've looked forward to being alone for weeks. I love to be alone. I may be peculiar, I may be a crank, but if you have any regard for me don't ask me out to dinner. Don't suggest that at this critical time I leave my home, for I wouldn't do it unless the house burned down. Respectfully, sincerely and firmly, A. Crumpet."—Judge.

A Necessity.

"What makes you keep on talking about war and financial ruin and that sort of thing?" asked the peaceful citizen.

"It's largely the public's fault," answered the sensational statesman. "People are getting so blase that you've got to scare 'em in order to get 'em interested."—Washington Star.

Along the Ties.

"I'm glad I had such a nice, quiet vacation last summer," said Hi Tregordy. "It's really made me quite an athlete, just what I needed for the exacting winter season."

"Yes," replied Crittick. "I suppose you do need a lot of training to be a long distance walker."—Philadelphia Press.

No Wonder.

"When Borroughs first came into the neighborhood he was very sociable, but now he seems to want to keep everybody at a distance."

"That's natural enough. Everybody is a creditor of his now."—Catholic Standard and Times.

His Belief.

Miss Elderleigh—Doctor, do you believe that bleaching the hair leads to softening of the brain?

Doctor—No, but I believe that softening of the brain sometimes leads to bleaching the hair.

Out of Hand.

Voice From Above—Catch hold of that rope, my good man.

My Good Man—Wot's up?

Voice From Above—I am, you silly ass.

Love Not Waning.

Myles—Have you any reason to believe your wife's love is growing cold?

Styles—Oh, no; she loves her dog as much as she ever did!—Yonkers Statesman.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

L. K. Hogarth

Drugs and Medicines

Our twenty years' experience in compounding prescriptions insures accuracy in this dept.

See Our Valentines and Valentine Postcards

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Opp. Grange Bank — SMETHPORT

ACME MILL,

F. A. GREEN, Prop.

We carry a complete and fresh stock of

FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, OATS, MIDDLINGS, Etc.

AGENT FOR

Blatchford's Calf Meal.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

A line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

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C. A. SNOW & CO.

A. STURDEVANT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and G. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

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in a satisfactory manner.

Do You Think For Yourself ?

Or, do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

When you are an intelligent thinking woman in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and suffering, then it means much to you that those who tried and true known medicine or known composition, sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible indorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. Those authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration?

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BIG STORE.

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SNOW SHOVELS AND BROOMS

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WOOD CHOPPRR'S MAULS & WEDGES

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 27, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Criminal court this week.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Abbey of Mill street, on Thursday last, a boy.

—The MINER and the Metropolitan Magazine for $1.65 per year in advance is a proposition that should interest all subscribers, new and old.

—Your attention is directed to the new ad of the Grange National Bank of Smethport which appears in another column of to-day's issue.

—Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Hall of this place have announced the engagement of their granddaughter, Miss Hattie, to Mr. A. G. Cornelius, of Alfred, N. Y. The wedding to take place next spring.

—A Clermont correspondent says: "The Leap Year dancing party given by the girls at the Clermont opera house on Feb. 21, turned out to be an evening of amusement for those in attendance. Who says the girls are slow?"

—Orlo Brown, a 12-year-old boy, residing at Quaker Bridge, near Salamanca, committed suicide Sunday afternoon by hanging himself. Some childish trouble with his playmates is said to have prompted the terrible act.

—Florence Carpenter is able to be out again, and yesterday left the house for the first time since she was so badly hurt. She is still weak but is growing stronger rapidly and will soon be as well as ever.—Port Allegany Argus.

—A young woman who committed suicide in New York City recently, left behind her a note in which she declared that while she understood everybody nobody understood her. She was probably addicted to the slang habit.—Bradford Era.

—Mrs. A. J. Hughes, widow of A. J. Hughes at one time editor of the Port Allegany Reporter and well known throughout the county, died at her home in Friendship, N. Y. recently. She was aged about 60 years and is survived by two daughters.

—A peculiar disease seems to be afflicting cows in this section of the county—several valuable milkers having died in Smethport and vicinity during the past month. The malady attacks the animal without warning symptoms and in some cases death followed within a few hours. Owners of cows are using every effort to find the cause and correct treatment for the disease.

—Mrs. E. F. Root of Bolivar of whom mention was made last week as being in a precarious condition from blood poisoning caused by a scratch on her hand made by a metal tag, died at her home in that town a few days ago.

—Andorfer & Lyle, successors to Andrews & Scull in the grocery business at Brownells' old stand on Main street, have a new ad in to-day's issue calling attention to their large and complete stock of groceries, etc. The new firm starts out with every prospect for lucrative success.

—Rev. H. McLichliter, pastor of the First Methodist church of Olean, has received the temporary appointment as presiding elder of the Olean district of the M. E. church, the position made vacant by the death of the late Rev. Thomas Cardus. Permanent appointment will be made when Bishop Berry arrives home from Mexico.

—At the Progress club rooms this afternoon, commencing at 2:30 o'clock, the Council of Jewish Women will entertain representatives from the Kane Study Club, Mt. Jewett Village Improvement Society, the Traveler's club of Smethport and the Current Events and Women's Literary clubs of Bradford.—Monday's Bradford Era.

—On conclusion of the inquest into the deaths of Engineer Cook and Fireman Troy as a result of the head-on collision near Olean, Sunday, Coroner Smith referred the matter to District Attorney Cole. The crew of the northbound extra was exonerated from blame for the collision. Operator Botsford of Portville has not as yet been held responsible for the wreck.—Olean Democrat.

—Perhaps the most alarming and exciting experience had by anyone hereabouts during the flood Saturday, was that of Editor A. L. Corwin, of Roulette. Before an ice jam at Roulette had formed, causing the water from the river to seek another course, the editor went to a small building near his home, and while he was stationed therein, a strong current of water, carrying with it large cakes of ice struck the small structure and tipped it over with the door towards the water. Mr. Corwin, who hardly realized what had struck the building was aware at once when it tipped over, closing the opening, and began to float that he was in an alarming position. Fortunately there was a small opening through which he managed to crawl, and aside from the effect of the shock he sustained and a ducking he was none the worse for his experience.—Potter Democrat.

Grange News.

The MINER will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY.

At the Grange meeting Saturday night, it being Washington's Birthday, exercises appropriate to the occasion were held, patriotic songs were sung, etc. The Brothers gave an entertainment consisting of the following numbers: Short sketch of George Washington's life, Glen Stull; "Woman's work from a man's point of view," James Bray; Recitation, Al Gory; Song, Henry Otto; "Why there are more bachelors to-day than twenty years ago," Charles Decker; "What I know about housecleaning," Clarence Tyler; "The kind of Christmas and birthday presents women give their husbands," A. R. Cory; Recitation, Leverne Steinhauer; Reading, Harry Bennett; Story, J. C. Stull; Conundrum, Furman Rickard. The entertainment concluded with singing, "The Farmer Feeds Them All." Lunch was served by the Sisters.

General News.

Mr. and Mrs. William Finley are rejoicing over a bouncing baby boy which arrived Saturday.

Joe McGill is the possessor of a fine and perfect colt which he prizes very highly. It is twenty months old and weighs 1400 pounds.

The writer called on Mrs. Mary McGill Norton, Monday, and found her in good spirits although poor in health. She reported having heard from her brother, Peter, whom they had not heard from in a long time. He and a friend are now prospecting in the Klondike.

Mrs. Juliettia Roeder and Wesley spent Wednesday and Thursday with Bradford relatives and friends.

Elmer Roeder of Austin visited his parents Tuesday and Wednesday.

Leslie Patterson, Mrs. J. C. Stull and Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Valley Grange attended Pomona Grange at Eldred recently and report a large attendance and good time.

The Wrong Nell.

Nell is a girl who lives up on Capitol hill. On Mondays a woman comes to Nell's house to wash clothes. The woman's name is Nell too. One Monday Nell, the girl, was in the sitting room reading when the telephone rang. Nell, the washerwoman, answered the ring. Ne[ll], the girl, then heard Nell, the wash[erwo]man say:

"Yes, th[is] is Nell."

Silence.

"How's that?"

Silence.

"What! Am I mad because you kissed me last night? Look here, now, you're too fresh. Who are you anyway? I never kissed"—

Just then the telephone receiver was wildly snatched from her hand. Nell, the girl, blushing furiously, had grabbed it. She hung it on the hook.

"He wanted me," she said. "He always tries to tease me that way. I—I never kissed him in my life."

As she disappeared up the stairs the washerwoman smiled and said:

"That's a big one."—Denver Post.

A Ghost Under the Sea.

The story is told of a diver who saw two ghosts "full fathom five" under the surface. He had gone down to the wreck of a large steamer and was crossing the main saloon when two gray shapes of enormous size came shambling toward him. He did not wait to make notes for the psychical society, but gave the danger signal and was at once pulled up. Told in the cheerful light of day, it seemed rather a lame story, and another diver went down to see what he could make of it. Toward him also came the shambling gray shapes. He stood irresolute for a moment and then, going boldly forward, struck his hatchet through a mirror! The ghosts were only a dim reflection of his own legs, much enlarged, of course, as everything is that a diver sees through the great frontal eye of his helmet.

Hooded Snakes.

The hoods of snakes were unquestionably intended by nature to act as weapons of intimidation, for when suddenly opened, as they are during the excitement of a contest, these give their owners an apparent and formidable enlargement. But the hoods which have been so useful at some period in snake history have now become so enlarged as to tend toward the extinction of their owners, just as the overdevelopment in the tusks of prehistoric animals led straight to their destruction. During a fight the hooded snake in the act of striking his foe suffers from the outstretched and weighty hood—he overbalances himself and topples forward. His assailant, the mongoose and some birds specially, seizes him when prostrate and, ripping up the back of the neck, speedily dispatches him.

Badly Joined.

Mr. Russell in his "Collections and Recollections" tells this story of an inappropriate quotation: The leading citizen of a seaside town erected some iron benches on the sea front and, with a view to combine the commemoration of his own beneficence with the giving a profitable turn to the thoughts of the public, inscribed on the backs, "These seats were presented to the town of Shingleton, by Joseph Buggins, Esq., J. P. for this borough—'The sea is his, and he made it.'"

Phenomenon Explained.

A comparatively young man whose mustache remained jet black while the hair on his head turned white explained the phenomenon by saying it was because his lips enjoyed all the good things of life and his head had to suffer all the troubles.—New York Sun.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clear the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Ohadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A Bell Ridden Town.

A well known tourist of the world has stated as his opinion that Lucerne is the most bell ridden town in Europe. He had assuredly never been to Schwyz. To begin with, the countless cattle that pass through the streets in the small hours of the morning on their way to or from the upland pastures wear bells as big as buckets, and there are church bells too. A fine peal they are, no doubt, but the noble art of bell ringing either never existed or has been lost here. The bells are rung by being smitten or banged together by two small boys, whose legs are plainly visible—an alluring mark for an air gun through the open louvres of the church tower, the sounds produced being about as edifying as the music of a donkey engine in full play. The performance begins at 4:30 a. m. and continues until early service at 5, and if there is a funeral—which is every other day or so—there will be another sustained burst of melody from 6 to 7. During the remainder of the day the ringing is varied and persistent, but it lacks the fertilizing power of the early morning exercises. Sooner or later public opinion will be aroused. Those boys will be dragged from their perch, figuratively if not literally, and peace and quiet will reign in the eponymous capital of the confederacy.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Wolves of the Sea.

Of all the inhabitants of the ocean few are more destructive than the sea wolf, a kind of dolphin which attains when full grown a length of fourteen feet and a weight of 3,000 pounds.

A swift swimmer, it is quick in its movements, cunning as a fox and has an insatiable appetite. It feeds on the young of seal, whale and walrus and also on the tongue of the adult whale.

When a mother walrus perceives a sea wolf, she endeavors to throw her cub on to an iceberg if one is near. Failing this, she gets it on top of her head and swims with it above water. But this is vain. Diving far below, the fish of prey comes up with tremendous force, striking the frantic mother a terrific blow and jolting the cub off her head into the water. Here it falls an easy victim to the assailant and is soon devoured.

In its work of destruction the sea wolf is frequently aided by the thrasher, a fish which can deliver a terrible blow with its tail.

Got Something For Nothing.

Mark Twain told how he got something for nothing one day in the early sixties when he needed the money. He walked into a hotel and was petting a strange dog. General Nelson A. Miles, who chanced to be present, offered him $10 for the canine.

"To be frank," said the humorist to General Miles, "I haven't really got any right to sell you this animal, but if you'll give me $3 I will take the pup away when you are not looking, and I'll not tell who took it."

The bargain was closed, and General Miles took the dog to his room. A moment later the dog's owner inquired for his pet, and Mark Twain offered to find the animal for $3. The humorist then went to General Miles' room and explained all, had the dog returned to him, gave the army officer back his money and exhibited the canine to its original owner, thereby making $3.

The Greed For Gold.

"It's a deplorable thing, this greed for gold," said the mournful person.

"Of course," answered Mr. Strike Barker. "If the greed for gold were not so general you and I might have a chance to get some. It's a case of too many people recognizing a good thing and trying to get in on it."—Washington Star.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask your dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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The constantly increasing demand and diminishing supply must necessarily advance the value of all good timber enormously.

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Each and every share of stock is represented by one hundred thousand feet of well located timber, which costs but Fifty cents per thousand feet, making it a safe and sure investment.

Write today for convincing evidence of above facts.

BUFFALO TIMBER COMPANY,
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"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

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J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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Main St. - Smethport

Sundays and Holidays.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work Sundays and Holidays? That is the tireless, ceaseless way that money at interest will work for you, and it will never go on a strike. Why should you do all the hard work? Set your money to working for you. Interest is its wages and its pay is sure.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

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Repairing a Specialty.

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It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

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Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

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In a large assortment and can please all customers.

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McKean County Miner

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

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Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Pub'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb, 27, 1908.

Announcements.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the 31st district, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

CHARLES F. BARCLAY.
Simmonsburg, Cameron Co., Pa., Feb. 6, 1908.

STATE SENATOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th, 1908.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 21, 1908.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th.

P. E. BALDWIN.
Austin, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.

ASSEMBLY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

JAMES A. MCKEAN.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

—ROBERT P. HAMMOND.
Bradford, Pa. Jan. 27, 1908.

SHERIFF

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

W. H. MORRISON.
Smethport, Jan. 16, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries? April 11th.

J. F. DAVIS.
Bradford, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

E. W. JONES.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff, of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN W. MCKNALL.
Kane, Pa., Feb. 24, 1908.

PROTHONOTARY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

B. F. STANLEY.
Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

A. B. WALKER.
Smethport, Feb. 17, 1908.

RECORDER.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on April 11th, 1908.

H. M. CHOATE.
Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1908.

REGISTER OF WILLS, ETC.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

JAMES R. EASTMAN.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 4, 1908.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

JOHN A. PETERSON.
Bradford, Jan 3, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

P. D. HOPKINS.
Kane, Jan. 3, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

OSCAR ENGSTROM.
Smethport, Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

W. I. OVIATT.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 4, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

C. W. FREEMAN.
—Smethport, Jan. 8, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN J. MCCAREY.
Annin Township January 14, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

A. M. MARSH.
Bradford Township, Jan. 14, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. M. BOARDMAN.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 25th, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

DELOS ARMSTRONG.
Bridford, Jan. 20, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the primaries, April 11th.

M. S. COATS.
Keating Township, Jan. 13, 1908.

COUNTY AUDITOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April the 11th, 1908.

A. H. ANDERSON.
Clermont, Pa., Jan. 10, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

J. H. STULL.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Auditor of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

B. G. MCFALL.
Eldred, Pa. Feb. 14, 1908.

CLERK OF THE COURTS

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank R. Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held in April next.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 30, 1907.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer, of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11th, 1908.

BERT J. CUMMINS.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3rd, 1908.

THIS is the fifth week of the trial of several of the alleged Capitol grafters and it is thought that the case will be finished this week. It is expected that the case will go to the jury on Saturday, so a verdict may be looked for early next week.

It is more than likely that all the candidates for County Commissioner have not yet announced. We understand that at least one Democrat is yet to make himself known as a candidate for this coveted office and there is still talk of more Republicans entering the already large field.

Two thousand unemployed foreigners created quite a sensation in Philadelphia a few days ago, by parading the streets, waving red flags, and creating general disturbances. They were on their way to the city hall, but were overpowered by a comparatively small number of policemen, who dispersed the mob after some hard knocks had been given and taken. Some of the ring leaders were arrested. The mob was composed almost entirely of Italians and other foreigners, who had been driven to a point of fanatical frenzy by speeches delivered by anarchists of the Emma Goldman brand. Just what they intended to do is difficult to conjecture; but the prompt and decisive action of the city authorities nipped the trouble in the bud.

THE announcement of John W. McKnall of Kane appears at the head of these columns as a candidate for Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th. Mr. McKnall is 54 years of age and has been a resident of McKean county for the past 31 years, coming to Bradford in 1877 and residing there until 1888 when he moved to Kane and went into the livery business, which he is conducting at the present time. For the past fourteen years he has been one of the constables of Kane and has performed his duties as such faithfully and fearlessly. He is perfectly capable of filling this office with credit to himself and the public. Mr. McKnall is widely and favorably known throughout the county and has many friends who are confident of his nomination and election.

THE murder of Father Leo Heinrichs at Denver last Sunday was one of the most brutal and cold-blooded crimes in the history of the country. The assassin is an anarchist and seems to glory in his terrible deed. He is now in jail awaiting trial and narrowly escaped being lynched after committing the cowardly murder. A Denver dispatch says: "In the twenty centuries of history of the Catholic church, members of its priesthood in this city declare there is no record of a tragedy to parallel that of the killing of Father Leo Heinrichs while administering the sacrament to Giuseppe Guarnaccio at the altar of St. Elizabeth's church. This crime, they say, will stand out as one of the most fearful in criminal records, and its perpetration may result in the canonization of Father Leo as a martyr of the church in whose service he fell while performing his duty."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is undoubtedly the people's favorite to succeed himself in the Presidential chair for the next four years, and it looks more and more as time goes on as if the Republican National convention would nominate him despite his repeated declaration that he will not be a candidate. Many states have their favorite sons and some of them are receiving more or less encouragement, but at the same time it is more than ordinarily apparent that a large majority of the people want Roosevelt and will not be satisfied with any other man unless he absolutely refuses to accept the nomination after it has been tendered to him by the delegates in convention. It is a well known unwritten law that a President shall not serve three terms, but it is also just as strong an unwritten law that no man shall refuse to accept the nomination for President after he has actually been nominated. It would illy become the dignity of President Roosevelt to seek another nomination in any way, but if the nomination should seek him, under present conditions, it is more than probable that he would accept. Knox, Taft, Hughes, Cannon, et al, are good men and any one of them elected might make just as good a President as the present incumbent. Each have the confidence of those who know them best, and confidence is much needed at all times and especially now, but not one of them have the confidence of all the people as does Mr. Roosevelt.

AT last Editor Lindsley has found in ex-Senator M. L. McQuon, editor of the Clearfield Journal and a member of the State Senate in 1895-8, a man who seems to agree with him in his interpretation of the Corrupt Practice Act. However we are more certain than ever that the MINER'S position on this question is absolutely correct and that both Mr. McQuon and Mr. Lindsley are misleading their readers. Last Friday during a talk with Hon. Thomas A. Morrison the MINER editor asked him if he had read the recent articles in the MINER and Democrat in regard to this subject and, after stating that he had, Judge Morrison said that the MINER'S position was absolutely correct and that the Democrat's argument was the sheerest kind of nonsense. He said the law could in no way be construed to prohibit a candidate from pledging himself to the people to do certain things in case of his election; that a candidate for councilman had a perfect right to state, and the people had a perfect right to ask, whether or not he favored paving; that any candidate for any office had an undeniable right to pledge himself to support or oppose any measure or question that is liable to come before him in his official capacity. Judge Morrison further stated that it was not within the power of the State Senate and Legislature to make laws denying a candidate and the people these rights, and that, if a law denying these rights should ever be passed, it would not stand in any court of justice. Aside from this we have been assured by no less than four well known attorneys that our position is correct. The Democrat has the support of one ex-Senator in this argument, whom we believe is not learned in the law more than the average layman, while the MINER'S side of the question is supported by a Judge of the Superior Court and four other gentlemen whose business is to know the law. And we will further state we have heard of no other person, lawyer nor layman, who interprets this law as do Messrs. Lindsley and McQuon. The Democrat has told its readers that the MINER'S advice was reckless and unreliable. Which do they consider the more reliable? It is about time for the Democrat to furnish better authority for contradicting the MINER'S statements or back up as gracefully as possible.

At times when you don't feel just right, when you have a bad stomach, take something right away that will assist digestion; not something that will stimulate for a time but something that will positively do the very work that the stomach performs under ordinary and normal conditions, something that will make the food digest. To do this you must take a natural digestant like Kodol for Dyspepsia. Kodol is a scientific preparation of vegetable acids with natural digestants and contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Each dose will digest more than 3,000 grains of good food. It is sure to afford prompt relief; it digests what you eat and is pleasant to take. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble," writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment of Pinoles for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Smethport Roller Skating Rink.

Backus Building
Opposite Court House

New Floor and Up To Date

Program:

Beginners—Each morning, 9:30 to 11:30

Everybody—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons, 2:30 to 5:30.

Ladies only—Wednesday afternoon, 2:30 to 5:30

Children only—Friday afternoon, 3:30 to 5:30.

Open each evening—7:30 to 10:30.

Admission afternoons—Free, skates 20c
Friday afternoon children will be charged only 10c.

Admission evenings—5c, skates 20c.

Owners of skates will be charged 10c.

Until Further Notice.

SMETHPORT ROLLER RINK.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $300,000.00
Resources about $900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small; no transaction too large.

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Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

WASHINGTON CITY--THE MAGNET OF THE PEOPLE.

The eyes of eighty million American people are now on Washington, the Capital of the Nation.

The wheels of the National Government are now in full motion. Congress is in session and the busy whirl of the legislative mill is intensely interesting. Many hours may be spent in the Senate or House gallery watching the legislators at work.

The Capitol itself, aside from its importance as the home of Congress and of the United States Supreme Court, in an imposing building. Seven hundred and fifty-one feet long by three hundred and fifty feet wide, its massive proportions are visible from almost every section of Washington. The great dome in the center surmounted by the statue of Freedom, towering three hundred feet in the air looks out over superbly-kept gardens and hundreds of handsome buildings in which are housed the many departments of the Government.

The other workshops of the Nation are also well worthy of a visit. The White House, the home and office of the President; the State, War and Navy Building, with its museums and models; the Treasury Building, with its huge vaults; the Bureau of Engraving and Printing where the postage stamps are made and bank notes are printed; the Government Printing Office, the Patent Office, and the Congressional Library; the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, the great Monument, the new Union Station are all attractive features of the Capital City.

Fine hotels, magnificent private residences, erected by those who are making Washington their home, not only during the official season but the whole year round; handsome public buildings, ornamented circles and superb statues make Washington one of the most beautiful cities in the country, and well worthy of comparison with the other capitals of the world.

The service of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington serves a wide territory. Its trains afford a direct means of reaching the National Capital, and tickets at reasonable rates are on sale at all ticket offices.

Our Suit and Overcoat

SALE

is now on.

IT IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

We have 50 Hart, Shaffner & Marx Suits from $20.00 up, that we are closing out at $14.00 per. Come and look.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SALE SALE SALE SALE

BOOTS & SHOES

Over $2,000.00 worth of Boots and Shoes that will be sold at

50 per cent. below cost.

Over $3,000.00 worth of Dress Goods, Stockings, Leather Gloves and Mittens, Laces, Linings, Hats and Caps, Etc., will be sold at

25 per cent. below cost.

Come in and look over the stock. You will be sure to find something.

D. C. YOUNG

SALE SALE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan 50c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

THE LINDHOLM CO.

Last Chance

to

Get a Winter Coat at

HALF PRICE

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

DALY & GARLICK.

!! SPECIAL !!

Our regular $1.00 Inverted Light, 65c.

Stand Lights, complete with hose, $1.49.

Bryte Lyte Mantles 3 for 25c.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 27, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Next Wednesday is Ash Wednesday.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin entertained the Picnic club this afternoon.

—The Smethport Hose company holds its annual banquet at the hose house tonight.

—Mrs. T. H. Morrison entertained a number of ladies at a "rag bee" Tuesday afternoon.

—The MINER $1.00 per year in advance. The MINER and Metropolitan Magazine one year for $1.65.

—The supper given by St. Luke's Guild in the parish house last night was a delicious repast and a success in every way.

—Will Edward Olmsted, a highly respected resident of Coudersport, died at his home in that town last Friday. He was aged about 43 years.

—The teachers of the Smethport schools visited the schools in Ridgway yesterday and as a consequence local students enjoyed a holiday.

—It will not be long before April 1st when the new postoffice department ruling goes into effect. Better pay up that back subscription now.

—Tuesday evening Mrs. T. A. Morrison entertained a few friends at dinner in honor of Mrs. Robert H. Rose and Mrs. Charles of Binghamton, N. Y., who are visiting in town.

—Julius Flatow and family are now residents of Hazelhurst, having recently moved to that place where Mr. Flatow has secured a good position. The family has made many friends in Smethport who very much regret their departure.

—Climbing the Alps would be a simple pastime and in point of dexterity and surefootedness the chamois and Rocky Mountain sheep look like a joke to the average survivor who has clambered about Smethport streets for the past few months.

—Chicken thieves have been busy in Smethport recently and as a result several poultry fanciers are minus a number of valuable fowls. Some of the robberies were on a wholesale plan, in one case 16 chickens being stolen. There seems to be no clue to the perpetrators.

—Harry Anderson and Miss Clare O'Donnell were married here Saturday. Mr. Anderson who is employed in a glass factory at Smethport, returned to his position on the early train Monday. His wife took a later train. They are both worthy young people and have many friends.—Coudersport Democrat.

—Mrs. R. E. Burdick entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Miss Ruth Eugenia Lindbory and Frank Arthur Baer, two of Bradford's young people, were recently married in Han-Kow, China. The young people are missionaries and had to take a forty days' overland journey to reach Han-Kow from their station on the Tibetan border.

—Mrs. J. S. Walker, Mrs. T. A. Morrison, Mrs. D. L. Forsythe, Mrs. Sheridan Gorton, Mrs. D. C. Young, Mrs. Chas. McKean, Mrs. E. E. Heath and Mrs. E. A. Studholme were among the guests in attendance at a reception given Monday afternoon by the Council of Jewish Women of Bradford. The above named ladies represented the Travelers Club of Smethport.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin, Misses Maude Frost, Edith Young, Carrie McGowan, Mame Colegrove, Jennie, Ora and Margaret Biever, Bertha and Carrie Billingsfelt, Ethel Andrews and Messrs. Chas. Scull, Theron Lyle and Earl Hafner enjoyed a sleigh ride Sunday. The party visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bay of Norwich towiship and were delightfully entertained by that worthy couple.

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday, March 1st the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. At All Saints', East Smethport at 3:30 p. m. Service on Ash Wednesday, March 4th, and on every Wednesday in Lent at 4:15 p. m., Friday evenings at 7:30. On Sunday, March 15th, services at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The Rector will officiate, and the additional services in Lent will be announced.

—William Williams of East Concord, N. Y., a colored showman, was found dead in the hose house at Lewis Run about 10 o'clock yesterday morning. Williams and his two daughters traveled about the country giving entertainments. Tuesday night he stayed in the hose house at Lewis Run, while his daughters stopped at a hotel. Williams body was found lying on the floor and heart disease is given as the reason for his death.

—Frank Allen, a well known Bradford man aged about 66 years, wandered away from his home Tuesday night while delirious from illness. A snow storm was raging and it was feared he had frozen to death. Yesterday morning he was found in a shed some distance from his home. His feet were frozen, but it is remarkable that he escaped death as he was clad only in an undershirt and trousers and wore house slippers on his feet.

—The Literary contest between the Kane and Eldred high schools held at Eldred last Friday evening was won by the Kane contestants, they being successful in all events except the debate which was lost by four points. This victory entitles the Kane society to challenge the Smethport high school for a contest for the silver cup, which the local students now hold, having gained possession of it from Mt. Jewett last October. The contest between Smethport and Kane will probably soon occur in this place.

—McKean county products will enter into the beautification of the village of of North Olean in New York state this year. The trustees of the village mentioned last night awarded the contract for about a mile of street paving to Dugan & Keenan of Olean, selecting Kushequa brick from fifteen specimens before them. The contract will involve $40,000. The pavement will extend from the Erie depot in North Olean to the end of the present pavement of Union street in Olean. There were fourteen bidders for the work.—Bradford Star.

An Interesting Meeting.

The reciprocity meeting held in the Progress club rooms under the auspices of the Council of Jewish women Monday afternoon was a very interesting affair. The meeting was attended by representatives of The Travelers' club, Smethport; The Study club, Kane; The Village Improvement club, Mt. Jewett; The Current Events club, Bradford, and the Woman's Literary club, Bradford.

Miss M. Silberburg, president of the Council of Jewish women, presided at the meeting. Miss Belle Mayer acted as secretary pro tem. During the afternoon, which was purely social, a musical and literary program was presented.

The opening number was a duet, "The Wedding Music" from Jenson, by Mrs. Charles Ettlinger of New York and Miss Rae Mayer of this city. Mrs. Evans of the Study club gave a resume of her club's work for the past few months in a very pleasing manner. Mrs. Gus Werthman sang "Rose Adair" by Wynne, and was compelled to respond to an encore. "The Moorlands Fair are Dreaming," by Von Fielitz, which was exquisitely sung in German.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of the Village Improvement club read a very interesting letter concerning forestry, written to her by Miss Myra Dock, the only woman ever on the state board of forestry. Mrs. Burdick added some remarks of her own which were greatly appreciated.

Mrs. John Lavens spoke of the Women's club, Bradford, and the Current Events club had as their spokesman Mrs. Katherine Drabilla. Miss Mirian Silberburg gave an interesting talk on the work of the Council of Jewish Women, in which she brought out some facts of general interest.

The Bradford circle of this club is one of 86 similar circles. The total membership is about 35,000. Their work is not confined to any one line of research or study, but is directed at the pleasure of the club members. One of their objects in a philanthropic way is the combating of the "Great White Plague," tuberculosis.

Mrs. J. Krotinson brilliantly executed a solo on the violin, "Serenade," by Franz Didle. For an encore the exquisite serenade by G. Pierne was played.

General remarks were called for at this point and Mrs. Thomas Morrison, Smethport; Mrs. W. P. Burdick, Mt. Jewett; Mrs. Evans of Kane and Mrs. Young of Smethport responded. The clubs seem especially interested in forestry and they have all looked into this subject more or less.

Mrs. Wertman again sang, this time, "Because," by D'Hardelot, and as before was required to sing a second selection. "Spring," by Tosti, was her choice and was sung in a charming manner.

After the program the guests were invited to the reception room, which was beautifully decorated in crimson, where luncheon was served.—Bradford Star.

Pleasant Surprise Party.

Mrs. Frank McCarty was given a surprise party Saturday night by a number of her friends. The evening was passed in singing, dancing and playing cards and at 11:15 o'clock a dainty lunch was served in the dining room. On behalf of her friends Thomas Clark presented Mrs. McCarty with a dozen bread and butter plates and a pair of fine linen towels.

Those present aside from the members of the family were Rev. Father Dugan, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hungerford, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shores and son, Roy, Mr. and Mrs. John R. McCarty, Misses Mary and Ruth McCarty, Mr. and Mrs. Enos Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hambee, daughter, Ethel, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lake and son, Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Whildin, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Glavin, Miss Humbee, Mrs. Jas. Hulings, Mrs. M. Hungerford, Mrs. T. H. Purtle, Mr. and Mrs. Clint Irons, Miss Carney, Miss Sarah Connelly.

All had a lovely time and left at midnight wishing Mrs. McCarty a long life.

***

G. S. Faulkner of Shinglehouse representing C. W. Stuart & Co., nurserymen of Newark, N. Y., will be in town several days and is ready to take your orders for anything in the line of nursery stock. Mr. Faulkner handles the best grade of trees, fruits, shrubs, plants, bulbs, etc., and will be pleased to book your spring orders.

Lost.

A gold watch attached to black fob, Wednesday evening, on the streets of this borough. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to the Grange National Bank.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Use DeWitt's Little Early Risers pleasant little pills. They are easy to take. Sold by L. E. Hogarth.

Personal Mention.

E. A. Hamilton visited Bradford Tuesday.

D. S. McFall of Eldred was in town this week.

E. E. Heath was a visitor in Buffalo this week.

Steve Sartwell of Port Allegany was in town Tuesday.

Harry S. Rubin visited Kane Friday and Saturday last.

Fred Hungiville made a business visit in Olean yesterday.

O. M. Benson of Colegrove was a visitor in town Monday.

E. M Aalt of Kane was doing duty as a juryman this week.

Ed McMahon of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. Allen Covert of Bradford is a guest of Miss May Chote.

Ralph E. Burdick had business in Shinglehouse on Tuesday.

Miss Josephine Munroe of Olean was a guest of friends in town yesterday.

Attorney Whitmore of Ridgway was in town Tuesday on a business mission.

Mrs. T. M. McClellan and daughter, Miss Helen, of Mt. Jewett were in town Tuesday.

Miss Lydia Burlingame of Kasson is visiting relatives and friends in town this week.

Mrs. T. W. Sweeney is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. S. McFall, in Eldred this week.

M. J. Gallup and E. C. Cleveland of Mt Jewett were transacting business in town Tuesday.

O. J. Hamlin and G. B. Mayo attended the Masonic party at Bradford last Friday evening.

Will Blake of Eldred passed several days in town this week a guest of relatives and friends.

County Treasurer and Mrs. Isherwood attended the Masonic party in Bradford last Friday evening.

James Harriman, who has been visiting his old home in Oconto, Wis., has returned to his home in this place.

Mrs. Burns Campbell of Pine Grove, Forest county, Pa., was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham last week.

Attorney C. C. VanDeBoe of Shinglehouse was in town this week and on Monday made this office a pleasant call.

John W. McKnall, the Republican candidate for sheriff from Kane, was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

W. O. Hamlin of New York spent Sunday in town, a guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin of West Main street.

Miss Campbell, a professional nurse, of Rome, N. Y., visited Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham at their home on East Main street this week.

M. N. Allen of Port Allegany is in town this week. He was foreman of the grand jury, but found time to greet some of his many friends.

Misses Frances and Rena Allen of of Port Allegany were in town Monday on their way to visit their sister, Mrs. E. C. Dennison of Crosby.

G. S. Faulkner of Shinglehouse, who is agent for a superior grade of nursery stock, is in town this week looking after the needs of his customers.

Miss Thompson left for Bath, N. Y., Tuesday to accept a position as housekeeper and instructor in domestic science and cooking the Ira Davenport home for girls.

P. D. Hopkins of Kane was renewing old acquaintances in town this week, looking over his chances for the Republican nomination for county commissioner.

J. F. Davis of Bradford was calling on friends in town this week to let them know that he is in the race for the Republican nomination for sheriff. "Shorty" is just as jolly as ever and has many friends in this section.

Delos Armstrong of Bradford was in town this week greeting friends and reminding people of the fact that he is a candidate for county commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the coming primaries.

Wanted.

Man with team to work dairy farm, with 12 cows, on shares. Good sober man with small family. D. C. YOUNG.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

NOT MUCH

to say, in fact no necessity for much talk to sell

CLOTHING AT 1-2 PRICE.

We let the goods and the prices talk. Of our last week's Sale, we have still enough Overcoats left to fit you and these now go at HALF PRICE.

$20.00	Overcoats	now	$10.00
$15.00	"	"	$7.50
$10.00	"	"	$5.00
$7.50	"	"	$3.75

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Skirts

FRY & COMES.

TAILORED SKIRTS
DRESS GOODS
NEW STYLES FOR SPRING

We want you to see our new Walking and Dress Skirts. They're as handsome a lot as you'll find anywhere. Workmanship of the most expert man-tailored sort; styles just a little ahead of what most stores are showing, and materials of the satisfaction giving kind.

Voiles, Panamas, Batistes and Serges are the favored Cloths, and Navy Blue the leading color.

A price to fit every pocketbook. $3.75 to $25.00.

If you prefer yard goods, some very choice weaves from the Broadhead Mills await you here. The Broadhead Mills are noted for Sterling quality.

Among the particularly pleasing things are Shadow Plaids, Herringbone Stripes, Cordura Cloth, Voiles, Panamas and Novelty Weaves, per yard 50c to $1.50.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

ANDORFER & LYLE.

We have purchased the Grocery Stock of ANDREWS & SCULL, and take possession March 2nd. Will carry a full line of Fancy and Staple

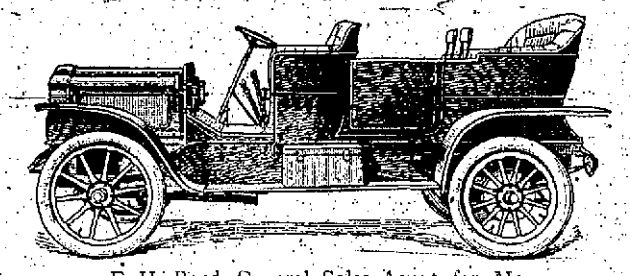
GROCERIES.

Our aim will be to give satisfaction to all customers.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

ANDORFER & LYLE.

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Selections

SATURN'S RINGS.

A Scientist Tells Why They Seem at Times to Disappear.

Are the rings of the planet Saturn falling off, as an American astronomer is said to have announced not long ago? An English scientist explains: "This statement goes considerably beyond the truth, although it has some foundation in fact, but that fact is not very alarming. Saturn's rings are now almost if not quite invisible, but there is nothing very surprising about this. The contrary would really be more surprising. These rings are flat annular disks, fitting one within the other, with small interspaces between, the outermost diameter being about 168,000 miles, and the thickness of the disks about a hundred. Saturn's period of revolution about the sun is nearly thirty years, and for half this time the sun is shining obliquely on and illuminating one side of the plane. For the other fourteen or fifteen years it lights up the opposite side. At the epochs when the sun's light passes from one side to the other of the ring plane, only its thin edge is illuminated, and this is seen if at all as a fine bright line, and Saturn's rings are said to disappear.

"This configuration happened on July 26 last. Moreover, about this epoch the earth is sometimes north, sometimes south of the ring plane, and if the earth as seen from Saturn is north when the sun is south we are looking on the unilluminated side, and for this reason the rings will be invisible. This is happening now. The sun is south of the plane of the rings. On Oct. 14 the earth passed to the north of the same, and the rings, which had been seen as a fine line, then became invisible. Not quite, however, though theoretically invisible, still they were seen in the latter part of October as faint as needles on either side of the orb of the planet, the suggestion being that the sun was shining through an interspace upon the edge of the second ring, and it is this lit up edge that is seen.

"As to the 'jostling and colliding' particles mentioned in the American telegram, it is a well known but nevertheless remarkable fact that these apparent disks are made up of a swarm of separate or 'discrete' particles, each a little independent moon pursuing its own path round the planet. The rings are not falling off."—Chicago News.

"Mugging" in New York.

A young man was taken before a New York magistrate on a charge of larceny. The policeman who made the arrest asked permission to take him to police headquarters. "What for?" asked the judge. "To mug him, of course," was the response. "There is no 'of course' about it," the judge responded with emphasis. "You have no right to take a man's picture against his will until he has been convicted. This young man has not been convicted, and there is to be no 'mugging' in his case. The sooner the police understand the situation the less liable they will be to get into trouble." Other New York police magistrates have expressed themselves in similar terms.—Exchange.

Playing Before the King.

A "command" to play before the king is always appreciated by actors, but the honor of taking a company to Windsor or Sandringham is an expensive one, says the Dundee Advertiser. First class railway tickets are provided by his majesty's secretary, but everything else has to be paid by the manager. These expenses include special scenery to suit the improvised stage, the carriage of properties and dresses and the cab fares for the members of the company, who always arrive in London at an unearthly hour, when "growlers" are few and far between. Sir John Hare's recent appearance before the king cost him about $4,000.

The New Chinese Army.

Reorganization of the Chinese army, which began three years ago, is making steady headway. The Pelho army is already completely organized. It consists of three divisions of 9,000 men each, formed on the European model. To this Pelho army of thirty-six infantry battalions, twelve cavalry squadrons and six engineer battalions there is a reserve of 40,000 trained and disciplined soldiers. Six other divisions more or less regularly constituted occupy the northern garrisons of the Celestial empire, or the immediate neighborhood of Peking, and form the northern army.

A Pretty Safe Safe.

A remarkable burglar proof safe has been placed in a bank in England. At night the safe is lowered by cables into an impregnable metallic lined subvault of masonry and concrete. After reaching the bottom it is fastened down by massive steel lugs, operated by a triple time lock. Until these lugs are released automatically at a desired time no human agency can raise the safe, and to break in through a mass of stone and concrete which measures 10 feet by 10 feet by 16 feet with dynamite would wreck the building without making it possible to get at the safe.

G. B. S.'s Market Value.

Milton took £5 for "Paradise Lost" because he could not get any more. I should ask £5,000 for the same quantity of pen and ink work because I need not take any less.—George Bernard Shaw in London New Age.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

AN ERA OF INVENTION.

The Wonderful Things Accomplished From 1876 to 1896.

A careful study of the history of mechanical progress convinces me that the inventive age attained the prime of its splendid career in the years inclusive of 1876 and 1896 and that in that wonderful period the world witnessed the conception and practical development of a larger number of valuable devices than any preceding era; also that it is decidedly improbable that any future generation will approach its record. Before our optimistic friends scoff at this rather dismal prediction I will ask them to name some really great invention or discovery which has been announced since 1896. He may name scores of little devices but if he will look into the facts he will likely find that all of them are based on the superb series of fundamental inventions and discoveries which marked 1876-96.

Suppose that those years were stricken out of mechanical and scientific advancement. What would the world be denied? The telephone, electric lights, both arc and incandescent; gas lights of high intensity and economy, electric railroads, wireless telegraphy, duplex and multiple telegraph, the typewriter, electric heating, all the innumerable forms of electric bells and signaling, automobiles, bicycles, motor cycles, motor boats, typesetting machines, the phonograph, high speed elevators, scientific cold storage and refrigeration, steel buildings which have revolutionized our cities—the list is far from complete, but those who are not properly impressed with this list may reflect that 1876-96 also added such lesser inventions and systems as cable railroads (now discarded), cameras and all sorts of photographic material suitable for popular use, air brakes, safety couplings, safety razors, smoke consumers, pneumatic tubes, electric photography, moving picture machines, the wonders of modern dentistry and the bewildering assortment of breakfast foods.

It will be urged that the principles of such inventions as the telephone, electric light, typewriter and other epoch making devices were known in advance of 1876. Admitted, but what of it? We now know the principle of extracting heat and power directly from coal without combustion and the consequent waste, but this fact will not detract from the credit of the man who solved the problem, if it ever is solved. None of the things I have enumerated was in practical operation in 1876.—Frederick Upham Adams in Appleton's.

Market For Dried Locusts.

Quotations are invited by the Cape department of agriculture for the supply of dried locusts during the forthcoming season in bags of not less than seventy-five pounds net, delivered free on rail at the nearest railway station. The locusts must be thoroughly dried before being bagged and the bags guaranteed free from earth or stones. It may interest our readers to know that two quisers of poultry in the Cape peninsula state that as a poultry food they find dried locusts most suitable if given in the warm mash. They then efficiently take the place of the imported American meat scraps and are much cheaper.—Rhodesia Herald.

Armor Beats Guns.

The excellence of British shooting was exemplified by a performance done by the armored cruiser Duke of Edinburgh. With her guns directed from the fire control positions she made hits at 13,000 yards, or seven and a half miles. The battleships Hibernia and Dominion fired armor piercing projectiles from their big guns, but they failed to pierce the armored portion of the Hero. The experiments have thus confirmed the results observed in the Russo-Japanese war and shown that at the present time a battleship's armor is capable of resisting projectiles at all practical ranges.—London Mail.

Saving Time in the Barber's Chair.

The busy man will not have to waste much time getting spruced up in the barber chair these days. One of the innovations of a tonsorial parlor here is the individual telephone, which is attached to each chair. The man who is pressed for time can lie in the chair and dictate a letter to his stenographer while the atelier artist is mowing off the alfalfa, the bootblack is performing on his shoes and the manicurist is taking some real estate off his hands. Some one ought to come along now with a tabloid breakfast food to complete the tonsorial outfit.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Alpine Feat.

Herr Walther of the Swiss Alpine club, after a score of failures, has succeeded in reaching the summit of a virgin peak named the Haute Tour, in the Glaris Alps, about 10,000 feet in height. This mountain has defied the efforts of Alpinists for many years, for the last 100 yards of the summit is black, slippery, perpendicular rock, affording neither hand nor foot holds, and one of the most difficult ascents in the Alps. Herr Walther took four hours to climb the last 100 yards. He was accompanied by the porter, Streiff, who was promoted to be a guide after the ascent.

Without Ears, but Can Hear.

The New Jersey School For the Deaf has a pupil who, though without ears, is able to hear. The pupil is John Hetzel of Jersey City. Superintendent John Walker of the school is of the opinion that the lad's sense of hearing lies in his mouth. Where ears should be on the boy's head there are no holes, and the only resemblance to ears are small lobes.—Trenton Times.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use MuoZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wonderfully Good Sight.

The Duchess of X. once went to Greenwich to see the marvels of the observatory. It was a lovely night, and for the fair duchess' benefit the great telescope was duly leveled at the twinkling field of stars.

"What is that star?" she said, pointing to a very bright one.

"Oh, that's Aldebaran, a star of the first magnitude."

"Is it very far off?" asked her grace.

"About six or seven light years, your grace."

"What is a light year?"

"Merely an expression which one uses to convey an idea of the distance which light travels in a year. Roughly speaking, light travels at the rate of 190,000 miles in a second, and there are about 31,000,530 seconds in a year. In one year, therefore, light travels above 5,901,810,000,000 miles. The expression 'light year' includes these figures."

"And is that star all those millions of miles away?"

"Yes, your grace, as nearly as we can calculate."

"Then all I can say," remarked the duchess, "is that you must have wonderfully good eyes to make out that star's name at that distance, even with this big telescope. It's really most marvelous."—London Tit-Bits.

Slaughtered the Anthem.

"When I went west first," said a Unitarian minister, "I was in a small town called L., and in the choir of my church the village blacksmith did, noble work as baritone. He had a voice that could shake mountains, and whatever it lacked in any other feature it made up in volume. He couldn't read music any more than he could English, but he learned a tune very readily.

"One Sunday we were to be favored with a new anthem because it was a special occasion, and the baritone had one portion all to himself. Unfortunately he had missed many of the practices.

"The anthem went along excellently until it came to a beautiful part which reads, 'And, dying, bids us all aspire.'

"Here the rest of the singers stopped short in that quick, sudden way that choirs have, and in the ensuing stillness sounded the ponderous tones of the blacksmith:

"'And dying brides are filled with fire.'"—Boston Herald.

To a Higher Table.

John Barrett, chief of the bureau of American republics, after various other experiments in diplomacy, came to Washington from Oregon during President Cleveland's second term to get anything he could. He brought a bunch of Oregon boomers with him, and for a time they stayed at the best hotels. The job was slow in coming, and they went from cheaper place to cheaper place, like Mark Twain's office seeker, until they were forced to eat at one of the lunch places on Pennsylvania avenue. One night while they were at dinner word came that President Cleveland had decided to appoint Barrett minister to Siam. Barrett rose from the table and put on his coat.

"Hold on, John!" cried one of his companions in misfortune. "Where are you going? Aren't you going to finish your dinner?"

"Gentlemen," said Barrett as he strided out, "this is no place for the minister to Siam to dine."—Saturday Evening Post.

Not Certain About That.

Mrs. Verdigris was enumerating her various ailments. "I haven't kept track of all of 'em," she said, "but one of the first things I had was the lumbago in the small of my back. Then I had the influenzy awful bad. The next thing was the rheumatiz. Since then I've had neuralgy, nervous headache, sore throat, indigestion, a breaking out on my skin and ever so many other pesky little troubles that I can't remember."

"It would be an interesting list," said her sympathizing neighbor. "Why didn't you take an inventory?"

"I'm not certain but what I did," answered Mrs. Verdigris. "I took ever so many things. I'll try it if you think it'd help me, but unless it's very mild I just know it won't stay on my stummick."—Youth's Companion.

Made a Record.

"Yo' said in yo' sermon, Brother Dickey, dat Jonah wuz eat up by de whale?"

"I sho' did."

"Well, den, how comes he live ter tell it?"

That seemed to stagger the old man, but he gathered himself together and replied:

"Dat's easy. You see, Jonah wuz de fust fisherman, an' he had ter make a record!"—Atlanta Constitution.

An English View of Robert E. Lee.

General Robert E. Lee was indeed fully Washington's equal as a hero and a gentleman and much his superior as a soldier. It is only in the larger political or semipolitical sphere that he stands lower and there perhaps only because his opportunities were so much smaller.—London Times Review of Trevelyan's History.

What Dropped.

"I heard you let something drop in the kitchen just now, Kate. Did you break anything?" asked the lady of the house when dinner was being served.

"Only one leg of the chicken, ma'am!" replied the girl innocently.—Charity.

Inquisitive.

Nell—I declare! That woman finds out everything. I never knew any one so inquisitive. Belle—That's right. I believe she would even jump an organ.—Philadelphia Record.

Bert Barber of Elton, Wis., says: "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are sold by L. K. Hogarth.

It Is a Good Umbrella.

It was a sound, substantial umbrella, with a cheery wood stick. We found it hanging on a peg in the corner of our room in the hotel at Bruges (writes "P."). Such an umbrella could belong to none but an Englishman, and it at once occurred to us that it had been left behind by some former passing visitant. The umbrella was particularly interesting to me because I had foolishly come away from England without one. I eyed that umbrella as a small boy eyes a forbidden orchard. The next morning threatened rain, and I could not resist taking the umbrella tentatively from its peg, unrolling it and displaying its comfortable tent like proportions. I put it back on the peg with a sigh and nobly went out unprotected. During the stay in Bruges my eyes and thoughts returned to the umbrella with strong fascination, and on the morning of leaving the temptation was still more acute. The angels of light and darkness struggled within me, but the good one triumphed, and we went to the station without the umbrella. We left our luggage in the hotel to be brought to us at the station by the boots. The Brussels train came in, but our luggage was missing. We took our seats, and at the last moment the boots rushed up, compensating for want of English by a large smile, and dragged our bags—and the umbrella. He threw it in to us, and the train departed. It is a good umbrella.—Manchester Guardian.

The Way to Succeed.

Here is a bit of advice that will go as far as any that was ever paid for: The only way to succeed is to be successful. Doesn't sound very profound, does it? It isn't. It's about as simple as anything that has ever been printed, and at first sight it may appear idiotic. But there is a lot in it. The man who succeeds is the man who brings to a successful termination every minute undertaking of every day's activity. The successful man's life is made up of a myriad of successes. If you let one little item of your day's work get by you without satisfying yourself that you have done your best on it you are preparing for a failure. A million treatises on how to be successful will not help you.

The trouble with too many of us is that we are so busy trying to see a great success in the future that we can't see the chances for little successes under our noses. Heaven is not reached at a single bound, and neither is success. The only way to succeed is to be successful. It is worth thinking over.—St. Paul News.

The Original Toboggan.

The otter was the original tobogganer and his slide the first of its kind deliberately chosen. Whence came his information? I know not. Turn it you can the leaves of nature's wonderful volume back to the opening chapters of animal life for information upon this and countless other curious traits. Maybe the primal otter saw a cube of ice break from its parent glacier and go sliding down a polished path to the sea. He may have then tried the feat himself under the notion that such sliding was rare good fun for otters. Quien sabe? Wherever the otter may have obtained his idea of sliding, he has neither lost it nor improved upon it. He slides as his forbears did for love of sliding, but he does not altogether depend upon snow and ice. During summer earth slides serve well enough, and these will surely be found on the banks of streams frequented by otters.—Outing.

Westminster Abbey Customs.

Burial in Westminster abbey is not of course a question of money, but there are certain fees charged for interment within that ancient pile. Formerly the fees amounted to £180 or £160. Dean Stanley introduced many reforms in the scale of charges, with the result that the maximum cost is now £111 4s. 2d. It may, however, be £20 less. The variations in the cost arise in connection with the contribution demanded for the fabric fund, which is £26 or £30 or £40, according to the place of interment. Other items in the bill are £34 2s. 2d. for fees to the dean, canons, choir and vergers and £31 2s. on account of silk scarfs, hatbands and gloves to the clergy, choir and vergers, which were formerly provided by the undertaker and charged in his account.—Westminster Gazette.

Grounds For Suspicion.

The artist came in and seated himself with a foreign and unaccustomed air, a slight something of hauteur the woman thought.

"My landlord," he began, "came to me this morning and told me to have anything I wanted done in the way of improvements in my apartments. He told me to spare no expense."

The woman looked at him hard.

"I begin to suspect you," said she, "of having paid your rent."—New York Press.

Fish Have No Eyelids.

Goldfish do not close their eyes because they have no eyelids. There exist in fishes no genuine eyelids, but in some (mackerel and sea mullet) there is a transparent film over the anterior surface of the eyeball, and in certain sharks there is a nictitating or winking membrane that is regulated by a special muscle.—St. Nicholas.

The Converse.

"Is success a crime?"

"I would not say that," answered the conservative citizen, "but I must state that crime seems to be a success in some quarters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Self forgetfulness in love for others has a foremost place in the ideal character and represents the true end of humanity.—Peabody.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

The Tailor and the College Humorist.

Perennial victims of the humorous paper at Yale are the familiar campus characters, Jim Donnelly, the policeman; Pop Warner, the "teeming ex pressman," so called because he delivers his goods in an automobile, and Rosenberg Sons, the suit pressers, about whom, in a Pegasian flight of distress at the time of the junior prom, the Record uttered these winged words:

Oh, Rosenberg, dear Rosenberg,
Thy sons we'll ne'er forget.
That suit of clothes,
God only knows,
I'm waiting for them yet.

I'll miss that train. I'll go insane
And rip and tear and cuss.
Just out of reach
There goes that peach
I've missed my chance to fuss.

With this same suit presser as hero, the story is told on a popular professor that in leading chapel one morning he stopped short, leaned over and whispered excitedly to the choir, "What's the name of that song, 'Press On, Christian Soldier, Press On?'" "Rosenberg!" came from a dozen men at once. "Well sing three stanzas of 'Rosenberg!'" said the leader, with ecclesiastical assurance.—E. R. Embree in Bohemian.

In a Nitroglycerin "Hill."

In the "danger area" the severest discipline is maintained. All entrances are carefully guarded by searchers, who rigorously examine every individual that desires to enter, believing him of any metallic objects that may be carried upon his person, together with matches and other suspicious objects which upon coming into contact with the dangerous chemicals used in this zone might provoke serious trouble. No matter how often an employee engaged within the hill may pass in and out, every time he enters he must submit to this preliminary and essential operation. There are also some 500 girls employed, and these are under the charge of matrons. Hairpins, ordinary pins, shoe buttons, metal pegs within the soles of the shoes, knitting and other needles are all religiously barred. Their hair is tied with braid or ribbon, and, as with the male employees, every time they enter the "danger area" they are similarly searched by the matrons.—Scientific American.

A Hard Knock.

Railroad claim agents have little faith in their fellow creatures. One said recently: "Every time I settle a claim with one of these hard headed rural residents who wants the railroad to pay twice what he would charge the butcher if he gets a sheep killed, I think of the story illustrative of the way some people want to hold the railroad responsible for every accident, of whatever kind, that happens. Two Irishmen were driving home from town one night when their buggy ran into a ditch, overturned, and they were both stunned. When a rescuer came along and revived them the first thing one of them said was, 'Where's the train?' 'Why, there's no train around,' he was told. 'Then where's the railroad?' 'The nearest railroad is three miles away,' he learned. 'Well, well,' he commented. 'I knew it hit us pretty hard, but I didn't suppose it knocked us three miles from the track?'"—Argonaut.

The Page Between.

A New Orleans woman, well known for her work for charity, recently accepted an invitation to speak at an anti-tuberculosis meeting. On the platform she found herself seated between a bishop and a rabbi, and the topic of the meeting seemed to be rendered extremely solemn by the combination.

In order to lighten the solemnity, she said, turning to the rabbi, "Do you know, I feel as if I were a leaf between the Old and the New Testaments."

The rabbi turned a sad eyed gaze upon her.

"Yes, madam," he said, "and, if you will recall, that page is usually a blank one."

She Was a Bit Bashful.

Mr. Peet, a very diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning up the courage, he earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters. Call me Peet!"

"Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she withdrew behind her fan.—London Telegraph.

The Onion in Cooking.

The greatest of French cooks, being asked to give the secret of his success, answered: "The very foundation of all good cooking is butter and onion! I use them in all my sauces and gravies. They have the effect of making a customer come back for more. Butter without onion will drive the customer away after a few days. Roll the onion till it melts or entirely disappears; then add the butter and call the mixture stock."—Exchange.

Artificial Flies.

Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, England, was the author of the first book on angling in the English language, printed in 1496. She gives a list of twelve flies, and now, after a lapse of more than four centuries, artificial flies, constructed after her formulas, would prove as successful as any of the up to date creations.

Helpless.

Ella—What a helpless girl she is! Stella—Yes. If somebody should provide the mistletoe and furnish the man she couldn't do the rest.—Canadian Courier.

Boos Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mother's should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Official Directory

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. E. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Judge of Election—H. B. Henderson.
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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FOX, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 1273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
S. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 192, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
L. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KINDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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From the Mill District

By ALICE COLE.

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MR. DORKINS felt a complacent pride in Dorkins academy. He had planned it only two years ago, and now there were more than eighty pupils enrolled, some of them from adjoining states. True, he had been very liberal in his policy of teachers and appointments and had insisted that the tuition fees should be merely nominal. But still he declared the school was getting on famously, and he felt a glow of satisfaction at the end of each term when he made out a check for the amount of expense not covered by the income. Indeed, he derived more pleasure from this very expense than he did from the income of his two cotton factories down by the river.

This river property was a sore grievance to good Mr. Dorkins. He had been in possession of it only a few years, but already he was beginning to feel that it was a heavy burden for his shoulders.

The operatives were of many nationalities and of all degrees of ignorance. The former owners had not been very particular about their employees. Willingness to work for low wages had always taken precedence of character.

Mr. Dorkins began the work of reformation cheerfully. It did not seem right to him to discharge any of the hands. Somehow he had a feeling that they went with the property and that he was responsible in a measure for their future.

Clubs were established, but they speedily became places of noisy revelry and were abolished. A night school and reading room were started, but the few quiet ones who were willing to attend were driven away by the turbulent element. Schoolbooks and magazines were stuffed into the stoves, and chairs and tables became weapons of offense and defense among the wild mill boys.

At the end of the year Mr. Dorkins had almost ceased active measures for their help. He would not own that he was defeated. He was only reviewing the situation, he said. In truth, he was at the end of his resources. He could see no plan by which to snare the young reprobates. It was at this time that he conceived the idea of the academy.

Ashdale was quite a large place, and the mill hands formed but a small portion of its population. Mr. Dorkins hoped that among the better class he would find some active sympathy for his new enterprise.

Nor was he disappointed. A first class academy, with such ridiculously low tuition rates, was a prize not to be lightly overlooked. Nearly every family had a son or daughter who was promptly enrolled, and day by day Mr. Dorkins' benevolent face grew more beaming and glowing. At the end of the first term there was but one drawback to his complete happiness. In the long list of names he could not find a single one from either of his two factories.

Somewhere back in his boyhood Mr. Dorkins had won a school prize, and the glow of it had always remained in his heart. Now he set to work to bring that same glow to the heart of as many boys and girls as possible. Prizes were offered for almost every kind of excellence he could think of—conduct, scholarship, advancement—

"WHO WAS THAT SPLENDID LITTLE FELLOW?" HE ASKED.

and a grand special prize of a year's schooling for the best declamation to be delivered on the last day of each school year.

Mr. Dorkins had a profound respect for a good speaker. He himself had never been able to make a speech, and this very inability had enhanced his admiration for fluency in others.

On the last day of the second year a general invitation was extended to the public to attend the closing exercises. One after another the classes came forward and went through their parts, and one after another the self conscious pupils passed under the fire of questions and criticisms. When it was time for the declamations Mr. Dorkins' manner became even more attentive and expectant.

Several pupils displayed their eloquence in stirring appeals to patriotism and liberty, but they were too conscious of the audience to do their best, and when they went down from the platform it was with an uneasy feeling of having failed. At length a trim, bright faced boy of twelve or thirteen came forward and delivered an eloquent statement of the Indian question. His utterance was clear and concise and without the least trace of embarrassment. Mr. Dorkins had liked his appearance from the first, but when he heard the distinct, rapid flow of choice words his enthusiasm became so great that it was with difficulty he kept his seat. As soon as the exercises were over he drew the principal aside.

"Who was that splendid little fellow?" he asked eagerly. "The one who gave us such a clear account of the Indian question? I don't think I ever saw him before."

"No?" There was surprise in the principal's voice. "That's strange. I thought of course you knew him. He's from the mill district—one of your own people. I had an idea that you were paying their tuition."

"Their?"

"Yes; his sister comes with him; that little girl who took the prize for singing. She has one of the best untrained voices I ever heard. I am very proud of them both. But it is curious you didn't know where they lived."

Mr. Dorkins looked troubled. "I haven't been in the mills much lately," he said, and the principal noticed that his voice trembled a little. "Somehow I have felt that the young people didn't like me. They have a habit of throwing snowballs and things, and—and"— He hesitated a moment, then broke into a short, nervous laugh—"of calling me 'New Jerusalem.' For the past year or so I have left things largely to the management of the superintendent. I—I thought it would be better for me to stay away. But you haven't told me the children's names yet," he added more briskly. "They must be looked up. I hope their parents will be willing to have them continue at school. Most of my factory people don't seem to have much respect for education."

"Yes, it would be a pity for them to leave just now, when they are doing so well," argued the principal. "Still I think they are safe for a year at least. Each of them has won a year's tuition, and it is hardly likely their parents will take them away until they have reaped the benefits of the prizes. But you asked me who they were. Their names are Charlton and Charlotte Burless—a very pretty combination, I think. They were brought here on the first day of the term by a rough, ungainly fellow, who said his name was Shogga—a twister in the mill, he said he was."

As Mr. Dorkins walked down the path he rubbed his hands together softly and indulged in a low chuckle from time to time.

"Well," he soliloquized gayly, "who'd have thought it? A pair of mill children leading the school! It will be a rare joke on Dr. Green and the others. They'll have to admit what figs do grow on thistles sometimes. Well, well— Hello! What do you want here?" sharply.

He had reached the gate which opened into the school grounds, and there, seated nonchalantly upon one of the stone posts, was a rough, shock headed boy who might have been anywhere between sixteen and eighteen years of age. Evidently he had but just come from the mill, for his feet were bare and there were bits of cotton still clinging to his coarse clothing.

It was not often that Mr. Dorkins frowned, but now his face grew hard and stern. This rough, disreputable figure was not unknown to him. Only a few weeks before he had seen him in the mill yard thrashing a boy who was much larger than himself.

At first he had not interfered. The big boy was able to take care of himself, he thought. But when he saw that he was really being hurt and that the smaller boy did not seem to have an idea of desisting he had caused them to be separated. A minute afterward, as he was walking toward his office, he had glanced over his shoulder just in time to see the smaller boy clinch his fists and savagely renew the attack.

On another occasion his hat had been knocked off by a snowball, and, looking around quickly, he had seen this same boy dodging behind a building. No wonder he had been unsuccessful in remodeling such material.

"What do you want here?" he repeated as the boy looked up from a programme he was intently trying to decipher.

"Hello, Jeru—er—oh, beg pardon, Mr. Dorkins. Glad to see you!" The boy slid quickly from his perch and held out his hand frankly.

Mr. Dorkins hesitated but an instant. He liked straightforwardness above all things, and there was something particularly fine in the clear, fearless gaze of this young barefooted factory boy.

"And I am glad to see you," he said heartily, and with the touch of those strong, warm fingers the last vestige of sternness left his face. "Are you waiting for somebody?"

"For the kids—my children, you know. Did you see 'em?" An eager light was now shining in his steady eyes. "Did they come through all right—no breakdown nor nothing?"

Mr. Dorkins looked puzzled.

"I don't think I know just whom you mean," he answered doubtfully.

"Why, Charl and Sis! You must have seen 'em," impatiently. "Charl was going to speak on 'Indians,' and Sis was going to sing. I don't believe any of the east siders could hold a candle to 'em," proudly. "Seems to me they're an awful long time coming out. Ain't the thing over?"

"Yes, it is over, but the pupils are holding a sort of reception. They'll soon be out. So they're some of your folks? Well, I am glad to see you." Mr. Dorkins was beaming now. "I don't wonder you are proud of them. I am myself. What does Mr. Burless do in the factory? I don't remember to have met him."

The boy looked him over for a moment before replying.

"There ain't no Mr. Burless nor Mrs. Burless either," he said at last gravely. "We left 'em on t'other side. The kids ain't got no folks except me. I'm father and mother and bread provider for 'em."

Mr. Dorkins looked his amazement.

"You don't mean to say that you support the children and send them to school?" he asked incredulously.

"I s'pose that's the size of it. But you needn't pile it up to my account."

"YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE FELLERS," ALMOST FIERCELY.

"It ain't nothing to my credit. I owe 'em more'n forty times as much as that."

Decidedly it was becoming interesting, and Mr. Dorkins' hand found its way to the boy's shoulder almost unconsciously.

"Would you mind telling me about it?" he asked persuasively. "You factory boys don't seem to like me very well, but I assure you I have always had your interests at heart."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the boy easily. "I sized you up long ago. The trouble with you is that you don't understand the fellers. They're a pretty good sort all round, but they ain't easy. First along, they thought you was trying to rope 'em into some kind of Sunday school, and it made 'em sort of independent. But they've been coming round lately. There's a good many more'n one of 'em would jump into the river to save you from drowning."

"Really—really!" exclaimed Mr. Dorkins, and there was a suspicion of moisture in his eyes. "Well, I—I never thought of such a thing. I—I"—

"It's solid, anyhow," interrupted the boy quietly. "But about the kids—you see, we're from England. I'd saved up a matter of $100 or so and was coming to the United States to try farming. I didn't have no folks. While I was waiting for the ship I got acquainted with the Burless family. They were in the same boarding house and were waiting for a ship, like me. The place was unhealthy, and Mr. Burless took a fever and died. Then I took it, and Mrs. Burless cared for me till—till she got it herself. She was that weak and run down she couldn't rally, the doctor said. So she died, and the kids were left alone."

The boy's voice had grown low and tremulous, and he now turned his face away so that Mr. Dorkins should not see him furtively wipe his eyes. After a little hesitation he added abruptly: "That's all. I took the $100 and brought the children over here and went to work."

"What do you intend to do with them?"

"Keep 'em at school, of course. Their folks were real educated gentry, and I'm going to bring up Charl and Sis to be like 'em. When they're done with common schools they're going to college. I've got a pretty good knack for working, and I'll manage it somehow."

Mr. Dorkins looked at him for a full minute in silence.

"Well!" he ejaculated at length. "I am more than glad to know you. But how about your own education?"

"Oh, that's all right," answered the boy lightly. "I can wait till the kids get through. Besides, I'm picking up a little as I go along. I help Charl a bit, and Charl he helps me a good deal. But of course Charl will get through first."

Mr. Dorkins saw his carriage approaching and took a few steps toward it. Then he turned and walked back.

"I saw you fighting a few weeks ago," he said, smiling. "Would you mind telling me what it was about?"

The boy hesitated.

"The—the big feller was sassing some of the mill girls," he stammered, "and I couldn't help it. After you left he fired a mean word at you, and—and I pitched in ag'in. But here come the kids."

Suspended Interest.

"Would you say that author has the gift of keeping your curiosity excited?"

"After a fashion," answered Miss Cayenne. "You are constantly expecting him to say something interesting, and he is always putting it off till the new chapter."—Washington Star.

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pineules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney trouble, when you get 30 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them today. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Cologrove.

A FEAT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Daring Descent to Get a View of an Osprey's Nest.

Now commenced my work, and I descended on my rope to terrace after terrace, forcing my way through thick rows of prickly pear, a most painful operation. And now we found that there was nobody below to signal us where the nest lay. The inevitable result was that after descending more than 100 feet I had to signal to be hauled up again, always through the prickly pear. Again did I descend, and again did I fail to find the nest. On the third occasion I reached a recess in the great cliff, whence, after unbending my rope and securing it to a bush for obvious reasons, I made a cast along a ledge to the south and reached a point which I identified as being not far from the nest as seen from below. So I retraced my steps and, regaining my rope, was hauled up for a third time. During this operation I passed a ledge where a peregrine falcon was nesting. The old female swept close around with shrill cries and eventually alighted on the sandy shelf of rock within a few feet of me and, with outspread wings and every feather standing on end, lowered her head and screamed furiously. I have no doubt I was close to her young, but I had more serious work in hand, and so I left her alone.

I now made my fourth and last descent and found myself immediately over the nest, but before I could go down to it the party handling the rope had to work their way down toward me, since the rope was too short. Finally I reached the nest, an enormous mass of big sticks measuring more than five feet across and doubtless the result of many years' work. In it were two eggs much incubated. By standing on a ledge close to the nest and pressing the camera between my body and the face of the cliff I was able to take some long time exposures with fairly good results. It was near sunset, and the cliff was in deep shadow, which did not facilitate my task. Between the shaly nature of the cliff, the slippery terraces covered with loose soil and stones and the detestable prickly pears I never had a more unpleasant or arduous task on a cliff before. But I have lived to endure worse experiences, although not so painfully protracted as were those.

My very curt entry in my diary summarizes the whole job thus: "Bald shale cliffs, vertical and dangerous. Height over sea, 100 feet. Top of cliff, 310 feet. The worst bit of rope work I ever did."

With regard to the prickly pears, it was many months before the last of the poisonous spines I had collected in various parts of my body consented to come out, and then only after first festering.—London Saturday Review.

Disinterested Professional Advice.

"Bring me that beefsteak potpie!"—

"Yassah," said the dining car waiter, listening hear by.

"And bring me some of those French pens"—

"Yassah; but boss, maybe you all don't know dey's French pens in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks, George. And—ah—and—ah, then bring me some potatoes."

"Yassah, boss; but maybe you all didn't know dey's taters, too, in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks again, George. It's mighty nice of you to keep me from buying a lot of stuff I wouldn't want."

"Yassah, Ah reckon it's mighty nice o' me t' do dat, boss. Ah's seen so many, m-a-n-y people—nice gemmens, lak you all—waste money fo' yeg'tables dat might jus' as well 'a' been handed over to th' waiteh. Yassah, Ah sho' has."—Judge.

Bacteria In Butter.

"Bacteriologists have shown us that ordinary butter is swarming with germs," declares Good Health. "A single teaspoonful of milk generally contains from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000 germs. The number may even be much larger than this. In the removal of cream from the milk the germs are taken with it, and in the process of churning the germs are collected with the fat, so in the butter we have the concentration of a large part of the germs contained in the milk from which the butter was derived. So in a pound of butter derived from twenty pints of milk the number of bacteria must be almost beyond estimate. A brief computation will show that the number of bacteria contained in a pound of butter might easily reach the enormous sum of five to ten billions."

A Touch of Vanity.

On Nov. 25—St. Catherine's day—French girls who have passed their twenty-fifth birthday and are unmarried wear a little cap made of fine muslin, the symbol of maidhood. As the day approaches the millinery shops show these caps in great quantities, and their manufacture by young girls is always accompanied by jokes at the expense of old maids; but, strange to relate, these caps, because they are becoming to all, are worn on St. Catherine's day by young girls as well as by old maids.

Where It Doesn't Apply.

"Slow and sure," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "is a good motto."

"But," protested the thoughtful thinker, "there is one thing that can never be slow and sure."

"What's that?" queried the quotation dispenser.

"A watch," replied the t. t.—Kansas City Independent.

A woman's love is a paradox. You can't keep it unless you return it.—Philadelphia Record.

The Mushroom Farm.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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The girls were holding an indignation meeting. Clara Carruthers was curled up on the window ledge, Myrtle Reed had stretched herself comfortably on the lounge, Mary Sands was perched on the side of a table swinging her feet, while two or three other girls were comfortably seated in armchairs. Myrtle Reed was reading the Goshen Leader, the principal local paper.

"Girls, it ought to be stopped. Here she is advertising for a man to fix the roof of that old stable. Yesterday she wanted a man to fix the furnace, and the day before it was a boy she wanted to water the mushroom beds. Her family are poor enough without encouraging Florence Weiss in any more of her foolish fads. Why doesn't she marry, as the rest of us have done?"

"That's what I asked Jack the other night," chimed in Mary Sands. "But she says she hates the men and wants to raise mushrooms and make a fortune of her own. Her grandmother left her $200, you know, and that is what she invested in the mushroom fad."

"Let's go down in a body and apply for the job," suggested Clara. "It is a glorious day, and the walk will do us good."

In the meantime Florence Weiss was unlocking the door of the old stable. Dressed in a short walking skirt and scarlet sweater, with an old gamekeeper hat on her golden hair, she made a picture most guardsman-like. Her blue eyes sparkled with anticipation as she entered the cellar of the stable to view her precious mushrooms. Florence had ideas and ideals, and she meant to live up to both. If the family expected her to marry just to replete their purse they would be sadly disappointed. Women were born for nobler things, she argued, and she would go forth and make money with her own hands and brains and not sell herself to any man.

She knelt down by the side of one of the beds and with a spoon cut off a tiny mushroom sprung up overnight. She examined the spawn in another bed, felt the tepid texture of a third and then went to the door to call Malachi, the boy whom she employed to do chores.

"Malachi, Malachi!" she called out, but Malachi did not appear, so she went out to look for him. Behind the stable on the side hill she found him covered with tar and beating a fire.

"Malachi, what is all this?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am—you see, ma'am—O Lord, miss, I've set fire to the tar," he wailed. "You see, miss, I was gettin' ready for the man to fix the roof, an' I opened the barrel of tar, an' it wouldn't run—so I thought, you see, ma'am, I thought I'd melt it—yes, ma'am."

"Well, Malachi, you're an idiot, that's what you are, and I never want to see your face again. You've melted it all right, and I'll have to buy more tar at $8 a barrel."

Malachi was discharged, and the man who applied to put on a new roof was installed in his place.

"Clean up the place," said Florence when asked what he should do until more tar arrived for the roof.

Florence started for town and so missed the call that the girls paid. She was back the next morning, however, to see her new man started on his work.

"Get some of that fertilizer, Joseph, and bring it to me. This bed is in very poor condition and will never yield anything unless we work on it."

Joseph stared in blank amazement.

"Fertilizer, ma'am," he said. "Is it that pile of rotten stuff that was lyin' out yonder what you're speakin' of?"

"Yes, yes!" answered Florence. "Right there at the side door."

"Well, I'm after dumpin' it in the brook, ma'am," he announced. "You told me to clean up the place, and I done it, ma'am, to the best of my ability." And he straightened up his sore shoulders as if to emphasize his brilliant stroke of work.

It was too much added to the loss of the barrel of tar, and Florence sat down on the damp cellar door and cried, but not for long. She soon dried the tears on her old apron and vented her bitter sarcasm on the head of Joseph. He stood for a moment listening, then turned and went out, muttering:

"I thought it was a lady, but I might of knowed diggin' in the dirt never made a lady yet." And Joseph was a thing of the past.

Florence sat upon the stone wall to think it over. Eight dollars for the tar of yesterday, $12 for the fertilizer of today. Ideas were not always practical, and ideals did not materialize as they might. Fight as she would against them, the tears would come again. The sound of wheels on the road near at hand roused Florence. She turned to see the express wagon from the general store about to deliver the barrel of tar. She jumped down from the fence and hurried to the gate which led to the old stable.

"Why, Mr. Rivers, what are you doing? Driving the express wagon?" she exclaimed as she recognized in the driver one of Goshen's leading young men.

"Hello, Flo!" he cried as he tied the old horse to the gatepost. "It's me all right. Just loafing around for a few days finishing up a business trip Dad said you ordered this tar from the store, and I said I'd deliver it and kill two birds with one throw. I was coming up to see the wonderful mushrooms anyway before I left. Call you man to help me unload the barrel, will you?"

"Oh, Dick—Mr. Rivers, I mean. I haven't any man, nor any boy, nor any mushrooms. Yes, I've been crying," she added, as he glanced sharply at the somewhat wet cheeks. "You see," she went on, "I've had bad luck with my farming."

They wandered instinctively toward the wall. Dick took out his pipe and began to light it.

"Didn't your idea work out?" he said, with fine impersonal interest.

"Not very well," she admitted. "The idea is all right, but skilled labor is hard to get, and after all I'm only a woman."

"What about the ideals?" suggested Dick as he puffed away. "Seems to me you told me that you had ideals as well as ideas."

"Oh, I still have them in my mind, of course, but they are so hard to find in real life."

Dick crossed his legs and hugged the uppermost knee. He was not looking at Florence, but straight ahead, across the fields which lay before him. It was one of those beautiful winter days which apparently had nothing but warmth of sun and breadth of blue sky to offer.

"It's just a year ago today," he mused aloud, yet as if talking to himself. "A year ago today. A man in love and a girl with ideals. Couldn't make it go. Such a team couldn't pull together in harness. Twelve months finds the man still in love and the girl clinging to her ideals. Hopeless case, eh, don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know!" sighed Flo. "Not so hopeless as raising mushrooms, for instance."

Dick's knee slipped through his grip, and he stood beside the girl.

"What do you mean, Flo?" he demanded. "Can you forego the ideal and take me after all?" and he stretched forth both hands.

"Will you take me, Dick?" she said as her two hands met his.

"Take you, darling!" and he drew her close within his arms. "But you said 'No.'"

"But I didn't mean it," she whispered as she nestled close to his neck.

"Didn't mean it!" he cried, looking down at the radiant face. "Well, but you said it, and how was I to know? You told me you had ideas of your own and an ideal besides, so I got out to give the other fellow a decent chance."

"Men are such stupid creatures," she assured him. "I didn't think you'd take 'no' for an answer, and my ideas were to be happy in a home with you, and you, Dick—oh, you old dear—you are my ideal!"

The strains of the wedding march sung in several different keys by untrained voices reached them, and they were confronted with the girls, who, having failed in their mission the day before, had returned to meet with better results.

On the wedding day among the presents arrived a barrel of tar labeled "Stick to it." Dick suspected his paternal parent, while Florence has always attributed it to Malachi. It stands in the yard of "Mushroom Farm," the title of their country place, so called because Dick asserts that his hopes sprung up in a night.

One Way to Get Food.

Four young fellows left Kimberley to try their luck at diamond digging near Christiaan, South Africa, but were very unfortunate. All but their last shilling having been spent in buying mettle meat, ways and means had to be found to replenish the larder. After considerable discussion and wonder as to where their next food was coming from, a bright idea struck one of them, who, stalking out of the tent, said, "All right, mates, leave it to me." Proceeding to the camp store, he asked for a small bottle of diamond acid, in which the digger cleans his diamonds of impurities before selling them.

"Yes," said the owner, "but surely you want some stores?"

"Well, I do," said the starving one, "but I intended sending you an order perhaps tomorrow."

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," was the shopkeeper's response. "Make your order out and pay when you come up to sell your diamonds."

The miner acquiesced, and there was great rejoicings in those poor beggars' tent when the wagon delivered that order. It is evident that the storekeeper thought the party had found some diamonds, or what use could have been the acid? After this luck changed, and the account was paid, the storekeeper joining heartily in the laugh at how he had been done for the time being.—London Scraps.

The New Footman.

Fun seems all the funnier when coming from the Quakers, because it is unlooked for and in contrast with their usual sobriety. For instance, what could be funnier than the method used by Nicholas Waln, a gifted minister of the Friends who lived in Philadelphia during the eighteenth century, to mortify the carnal pride of his wife? The story is as follows:

The wife of Nicholas Waln was an only daughter, and for those days possessed a very large inheritance. She thought it would be suitable to her wealth and station to have a footman behind her carriage. This wish being frequently expressed, her husband at last promised to comply with it. Accordingly the next time the carriage was ordered for the purpose of making a stylish call she was gratified to see a footman mounted. When she arrived at her place of designation the door of the carriage was opened and the steps let down in a very obsequious manner by the new footman, and great was her surprise and confusion to recognize in him her own husband.

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Birth of a Murderer.

With the help of a little tool, not unlike a tin opener, our burglar cut two long slits—one perpendicular, the other horizontal—in the iron shop shutter. Then he wrenched the flap toward him, bending it with his powerful hands as one twists open the lid of a sardine tin. Another minute and he was inside.

Quietly and methodically he thrust precious stones and rings into his little bag, choosing those which besides being small were of great value. The bag was all but full when the jeweler himself appeared at the back of the shop. He carried a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other.

The burglar bowed very politely and said:

"I did not care to pass by an old friend's house without stopping to bid him good day."

The unsuspecting jeweler allowed himself to be shaken by the hand, when, with a sudden thrust, the burglar stabbed him to the heart.

The bag was rapidly filled to almost bursting point, and before leaving the premises the burglar wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, which he pinned on the outside of the shop:

"Closed on account of death in the family."—London Scraps.

Professional Etiquette.

An eminent physician had a valuable cow, which became sick and seemed likely to die. He asked an Irish servant, who lived with him if he knew anybody who followed cow doctoring. The doctor's groom said, "There's Jemmy Lafferty, who can cure any cow in the world." "Well, then," replied the doctor, "go for Lafferty." The cow doctor accordingly came and treated the brute for four or five days, and on the lapse of the time he waited on Dr. Lewis and pronounced her cured.

The doctor, greatly delighted, put his hand on his pocketbook. "Well, Lafferty, what do I owe you?" "Owe me!" replied Jemmy, drawing himself up with dignity. "Nothing, sir. We doctors never take money of one another."

"My first impulse," said the doctor while telling the story, "was to throw his fee after him, but on second thought the whole affair seemed so ridiculous that I bowed him my acknowledgments with as much gravity as I could assume."—London Telegraph.

Loaded Ivory.

An ivory dealer uttered a cry of rage.

"Done again!" he said. "Done out of £50!"

And he held aside one of the tusks from the great heap that he had been examining.

"It is laden with lead," he said. "That is a common Congo trick. The native, when he gets a good big tusk of eighty pounds or so melts up ten or fifteen pounds of lead and pours it down into the tusk's hollow. He fills it, so to speak, as a dentist fills a tooth.

"We dealers know the dodge, and every tusk is gone over carefully for a lead filling. My new trader, though, is rather careless, and this is the second filled tusk that has been worked off on him in the last quarter."

The dealer's frown vanished, and he smiled.

"Of course the trader and not I will have to stand the loss," he said.—Minneapolis Journal.

Old Age Is Selfish.

A lady residing in a quiet village in Suffolk used to take an interest in a very aged couple who were spinning out the last thread of life in "Darby and Joan" fashion, seated on either side of their fireplace. She often paid them a visit to cheer them up. The old man had been ailing, and at last a day came when the visitor found only one chair occupied. Darby was not in his usual place.

"Where is your husband?"

"Well, mum—he be gone at last."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! That is very sad for you," said the lady, seeking to find words of consolation.

"Yes, mum, it be sadv" replied the old woman, "but, then, you see, he were fearfully in the way of the oven."—Pearson's Weekly.

Deadly East Indian Duels.

There are a good deal of savagery and stoical disregard of death left in the east yet despite the advance of civilization, and this extends to the so called sports of the people. Thus among the natives of Baroda there obtains still a kind of gladiatorial display in the shape of a fearful fist fight wherein the contestants wear a very formidable cestus of steel studded with murderous spikes. The duelists—usually big, brawny, athletic men who have been infuriated for the occasion with copious drafts of opium in which hemp is infused—enter the arena singing and set to with deliberate intent to kill, one or both invariably succumbing.

Life of Leisure.

There are still a few who are leisurely in their hours of freedom, but what about the old life of leisure? It used to be thought that such a life was innocent and admirable and that good fruit might come of it. But nowadays the man who does nothing but meditate and observe and write a little is a man condemned by the ordinary opinion of society.—London Reader.

Rebuked.

Young College Woman (interested in politics)—The office should seek the man. Grandma (rather deaf)—I know that's what girls think nowadays, but in my time it was considered very unladylike.—Puck.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors.—Plutarch.

Everything taken into the stomach should be digested fully within a certain time. When you feel that the food you have eaten is not being digested, take a good, natural digestant that will do the work the digestive juices are not doing. The best remedy known to-day for all stomach troubles is Kodol, which is guaranteed to give prompt relief. It is a natural digestant; it digests what you eat, it is pleasant to take and sold here by L. K. Hegarth.

He Always Remembered.

A smile lurked at the corners of Mrs Lombard's mouth as the listener to the plaint of the school friend whom she had not seen for more than ten years. "I'm afraid, dear," she said "you'll have to reconstruct some of your plans. You see, I married a forgetful man too."

"Why, you told me not ten minutes ago that your husband had never yet forgotten your birthday or your wedding anniversary," cried her friend "and you told me you'd been married nearly eleven years! That's ever since the year after father took us abroad."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lombard demurely "I have. That's a long time, isn't it? But, you see, one thing was in my favor—I was born on the Fourth of July. Mr. Lombard couldn't very well forget the national holiday. And as soon as I'd found out how forgetful he was I decided to be married on another holiday.

"I suppose as you were abroad you didn't realize that the date of my wedding was unusual—people aren't often married on the 22d of February, I think. But you see, by a little judicious planning I've been saved the necessity of reminding him about our anniversary."—Youth's Companion.

Sweetly Thoughtful.

The De Jones back lawn was a myth in name only. It was really an arid desert—bald, so to speak—and in dry weather it was always as dusty as a motor track. To the astonishment of Mrs. De Smythe, who lived next door she one day saw her devoted husband turning the garden hose upon the De Jones' "lawn."

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure I wouldn't trouble to lay the dust in the De Jones' back yard, John, especially as they are such a hateful lot of gossips. Small thanks you'll get for your trouble, my way."

Hubby turned to his better half with a smile which told of mixed pleasure and vindictiveness.

"That's all right, my dear. Their darling little Fido was washed snow white this morning. Now he's out there rolling about like a barrel and rubbing the mud well into his fleecy coat. Trust your husband, my sweet, for real, unadulterated thoughtfulness!"—London Scraps.

Women and "Sport."

When a big shoot takes place in the coverts near one of our country houses the occasion is made a sort of society gathering. The ladies of the house party grace it with their presence, and other ladies of the neighborhood are glad to be allowed the honor of such company. Thus a large and fashionable party assembles, and while each beat is in progress the girls and women try to look on unmoved while a wounded hare kicks and squeals upon the ground for minutes which seem to be interminable to the sensitive onlooker until the beat is over and the dogs are loosed to finish off the cripples. And, though the hare's piteous shrieking makes its case seem the worst, the mere fumbling over and over of a wounded bird is a shocking sight to see as the time passes and no one goes forward to release it of its life.—London Mail.

Dodging Thirteen.

"When I lived in New York," writes a former New Yorker from Berlin, "there was a house near Central park which should have borne the number 13, but because of the superstition of the occupant permission was secured to place the number 11a or 15a over the door. I spoke of the circumstance a few days ago and learned that the thirteen superstition was more clearly marked here. In the instance mentioned by me an individual was concerned. Here it was the most important corporation in Wiesbaden. There is no No. 13 bathroom in any of the bathhouses, no No. 13 room in any hotel and no No. 13 place at any table d'hote. At Langenschwalbach the baths under government control, also have bath cells No. 12a where they should be numbered 13."—New York Tribune.

A Worthy Antagonist.

"Did you visit any of the old caves when you were up in Scotland?" Jorkins was asked by a friend.

"Yes," replied Jorkins reminiscently, "and, by gum, we had to forcibly pull Maria out of one cave."

"Good gracious! She was fascinated by its beauty, I suppose."

"No, it wasn't beauty. You see, there is a wonderful echo in the cave, and Maria couldn't bear to think of the echo having the last word."—Liverpool Mercury.

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(Continued from first page)

The greatest need of the farms in Pennsylvania to-day is the need of humus in the soil—a decayed vegetable matter, to blacken, loosen and enrich the soil.

R. J. Weld, in speaking of the Best Feed for the Dairy Cow, said there was no better feed grown on the farm for milch cows than the Canada cow-peas and oats sowed together and cut as soon as the pods begin to show. Many of these subjects were discussed at Ceres and I will only touch on those things not discussed in previous lectures.

Thursday afternoon Mr. Phillips spoke on Thirty Years Experience with the Dairy Cow—why does the test vary or why does a cow give richer milk at one time than another? No amount or quality of feed will increase the butter fat in milk. The cow does her best under uniform conditions. Anything you do that jars upon her nerves has a tendency to decrease the flow of milk. Uniformity in care, feeding and milking, and above all, kindness, will increase it and make a better profit for the owner. Cows fed twice a day the proper quality give better results than if fed oftener. One good satisfying drink a day is better than water before her constantly. Find the feed that is best suited to her condition and stick to it. Be careful not to excite her in any way—a cow is extremely nervous and should be treated accordingly.

Mr. Weld said he thought the time was coming when it would be compulsory for the farmer to produce strictly sanitary milk.

D. C. Young of Smethport was called upon and spoke of the conditions existing in this section.

Dr. Thayer was called upon to answer some questions. He said he thought the flat land here was perfectly adapted to raising celery and that it was a paying crop. He also said there was more money in Angora goats than sheep and there was no danger of dogs bothering them. And that only Mammoth clover should be sown with timothy as they ripen together, and the crimson clover ripens two weeks earlier and is spoiled before the timothy is ready to cut.

At the evening session Dr. Thayer took for his subject, "The Boy on the Farm. Why does he leave the farm? First, because nature gave him a taste for a professional life. Second, he is disgusted with his surroundings. Third, because he has so many impositions put upon him—all the disagreeable work and hard jobs fall to his lot. Fourth, his ignorance of the luxuries of the farm and the adjustments of city life. The only remedy is a proper education, and the safest way to get it is a country school, and so place him on an equal footing with the city boy. The study of nature with all its beauties will win and keep the boy on the farm.

Lorena Welch gave a recitation and Mr. Kahler made some interesting remarks on legislation and good roads.

A telephone message was received from the local chairman at Rixford saying the roads were impassable and there was no use of trying to hold an institute there, and it was decided to stay at Elbrid another day.

Friday morning Mrs Mollie M. Allen of Oswego, N. Y., gave her experiences in poultry keeping. Too much care cannot be taken in buying eggs for hatching—buy from an egg-laying strain. Never put eggs that have been shipped from a distance into the incubator until they have lain and re-ted a day or so. She keeps dry ground grain before the fowls constantly and feeds whole grain in the litter. The ideal green food is alfalfa and crimson clover. Keep charcoal, lime and oyster shells for them all the time. She mixes the ground feed in the following proportion: 200 lbs. wheat bran; 100 lbs. corn meal; 100 lbs. middlings; 100 lbs. gluten meal or brewer's grain; 100 lbs. linseed oil meal; 100 lbs. beef scraps. This feed is rich in nitrogen. She recommends the use of thin muslin in the place of glass in the windows. This provides ventilation and keeps the room dry. Avoid drafts. Cement floors are better than dirt ones. If one feeds corn it is too fattening unless meat scraps, other grains, bone and meat meal is fed with it. Get the meal that smells mealy and not the kind that smells bad when hot water is poured upon it.

Mr. Phillips recommends parching whole corn before feeding, and said he thought lime or wood ashes was too drastic for lice or mites

Mrs. Allen said it was not best to keep hens on the same piece of ground over two years. The lot should be divided and one-half sown to clover or some cereal, and change about and so prevent the ground becoming diseased. A general discussion was indulged in and although the attendance was small it was a most profitable session.

After dinner Mr. Kahler gave a talk on Taxation and the Concentration of the Rural Schools. He believes the farmer is justified in demanding that his children be given the same educational advantages as the city children. He pays the taxes, and why not? He spoke of the enormous amount of money squandered at the Capitol that could better be used for educating the country boy and girl. This was a talk on facts and to the point.

Mr. Phillips was called upon and spoke of the wastes on the farm. This was about the same as the one given at Ceres. We say we are economical, but are we? Among other things he said he would give but very little for a cow uniform in color—all black, red or white—but thought a cow with some variation in color was by far the best.

On account of storm and badly drifted roads it was thought best not to hold an evening session, and the speakers left on the afternoon train for their work in Warren county. The farmers who attend these meetings year after year are the ones benefited; those who stay away and think their way is the best are the losers. We believe the time is not far distant when the husbandman will wake up to his privileges and become anxious to be educated along all lines of agriculture.

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